

# The Daily Mirror

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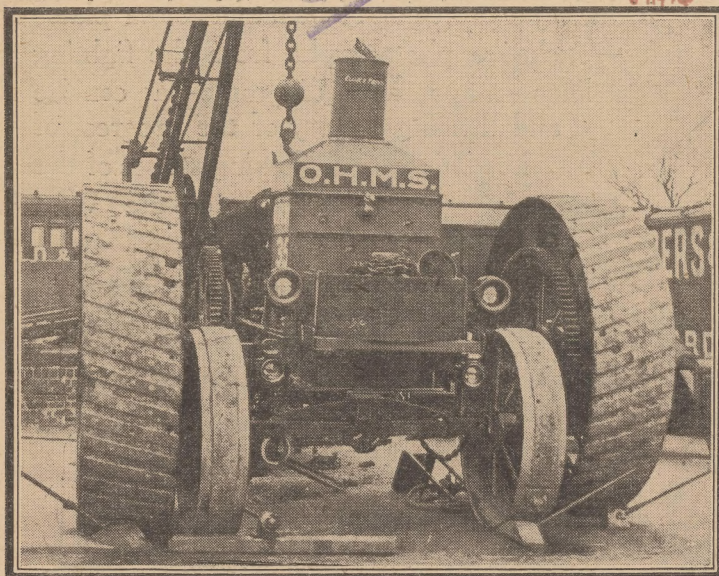
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SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

## THE "CLOWN PRINCE" SUFFERING FROM A BREAKDOWN.



This great thirteen-ton traction engine is out of action. It broke down "somewhere in England," but is now being repaired. It has been named the "Clown Prince," and its name has been painted on the funnel.

## AUSTRALIANS' MOVING DAY AT THE PYRAMIDS.



The average soldier would rather miss his breakfast than his shave. Here an Australian is making himself spick and span before leaving the camp in Egypt.

## MOURNING THEIR GALLANT FRIEND: MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR LIEUTENANT GLADSTONE.



Lord Sandhurst.



Hawarden churchyard.



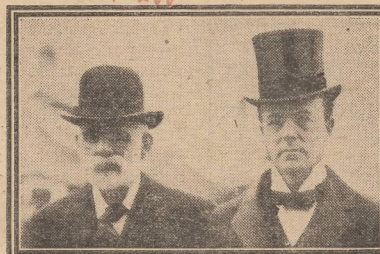
Mr. Augustine Birrell.



The Hon. Neil Primrose.



Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt.



Mr. Runciman and Mr. John Burns.

Hawarden, the little village near Chester, was in deep mourning yesterday, when its squire, Lieutenant W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., was laid to rest in the churchyard, where his illustrious grandfather also lies buried. A service to his memory was held

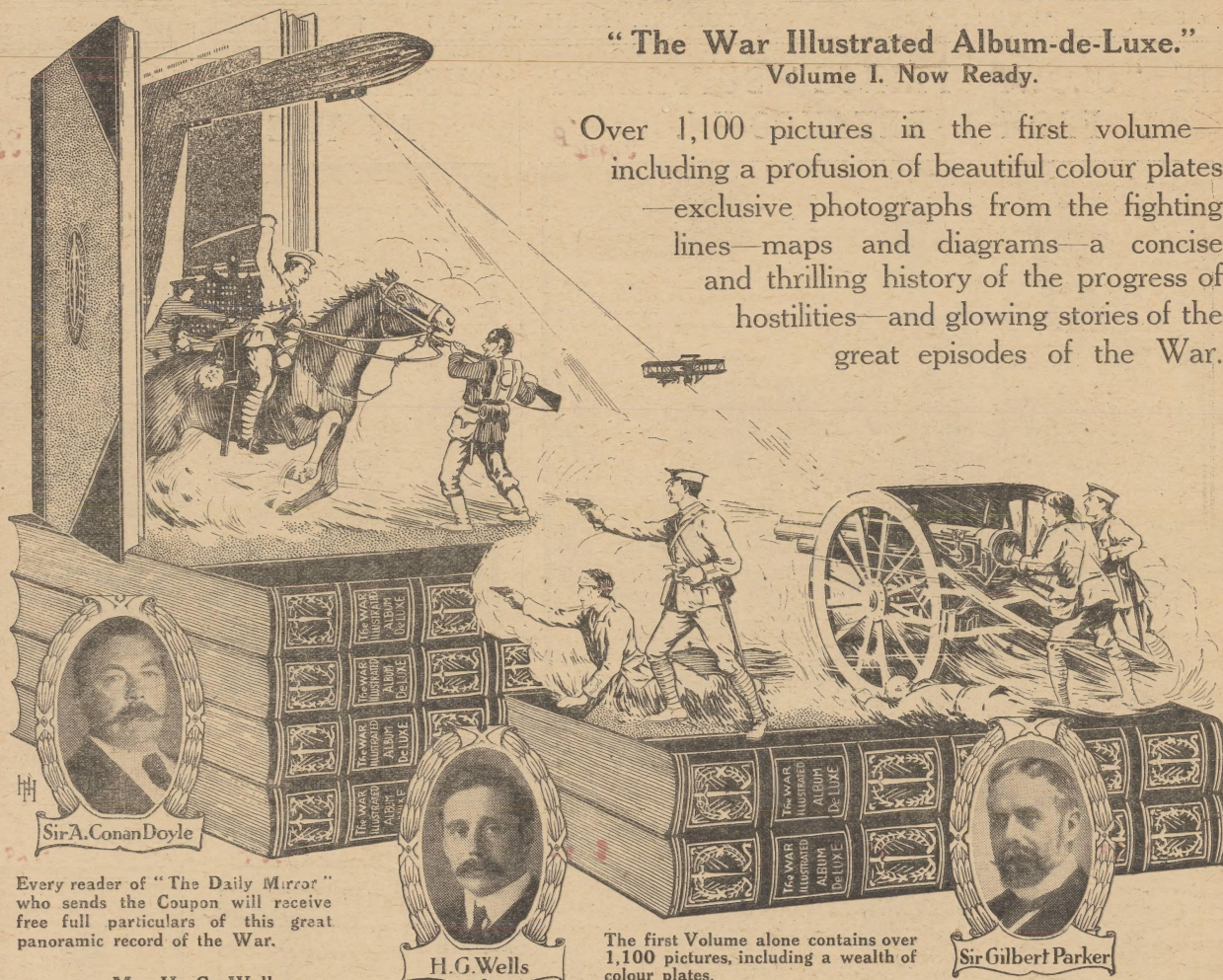
at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the pictures show some members of the distinguished congregation arriving at the church. Lieutenant Gladstone, it will be remembered, was killed in action.



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Albert the Brave, Defender of Civilization.  
General Leman, the Hero of Liège.  
The Three Days' Battle of Mons.

The Wonderful Retreat from Mons.  
How the French were Trapped on the Plateau near Metz (by A. G. Hales).

The First Historic Battle of the Rivers.  
The Crown of Infamy on the Brow of "Kultur."  
A Pen Picture from the long-drawn Battle of the Aisne.

How the Little British Army crossed the Aisne.  
The Heroic Adventure at Antwerp.  
The Agony of a Nation (by A. G. Hales).

The Russian Steam Roller.  
The Great Russian Raid into East Prussia.  
Russia's Smashing Victory at Lemberg.

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The Death Harvest of the Dastard Zeppelin (by A. G. Hales).  
The Terrible Battle of Neuport.

What reading! What pictures! To thrill you and every member of your family or friend visiting at your home.



# KHAKI CRAZE.



London midinette "delivering the goods." She wears a khaki coat and soldier's cap.

# CAPTURED TRENCHES AT NEUVE CHAPELLE.

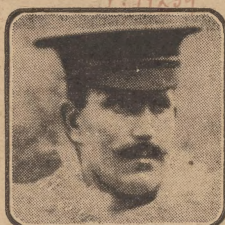


This is what the trenches looked like at Neuve Chapelle when they were captured by the British. They were completely destroyed by our deadly artillery fire, and there were pools of water like miniature lakes.

## THREE GALLANT SOLDIERS AWARDED THE D.C.M.



Corporal Dagger, who assisted to fill up a trench. He was exposed to heavy fire for three hours.



Private W. Mayes, who, on more than one occasion, showed great gallantry in carrying ammunition to the trenches.



Private J. W. Brooks, who brought up ammunition to the firing line regardless of all risks from shells.

# RECRUITING.



The Bishop of Singapore speaking at a recruiting meeting in the Guildhall Yard.

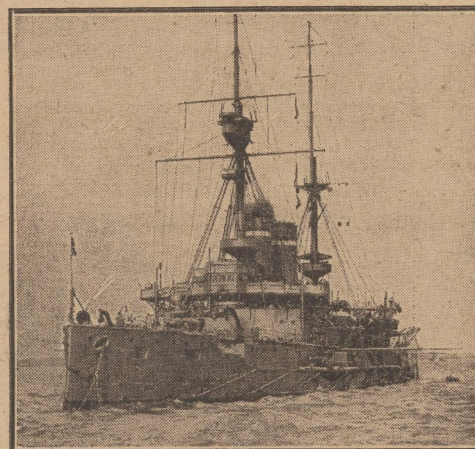
# FOR REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH

OF THE

## SINKING

OF H.M.

## BATTLESHIP IRRESISTIBLE



SEE TO-MORROW'S

H.M.S. IRRESISTIBLE.

# SUNDAY PICTORIAL

PAGES OF WONDERFUL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS



## BELIEVED HE HAD BEEN DIVORCED.

Married Championship Tennis Player Sued for Breach of Promise.

### FARTHING DAMAGES.

The following were the two main points in an unusual breach of promise action brought yesterday by Miss Lilian Cooper, of Coburg-mansions, Handel-street, Brunswick-square, against Mr. Horace Arthur Bruce Chapman, of Hogarth-road, Earl's Court, a championship tennis player:

Miss Cooper, said her counsel, left one man for Mr. Chapman and found, after going through a form of marriage, that he was a married man.

Mr. Chapman believed, he had been divorced by his wife.

The case was heard before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury, and Miss Cooper was awarded one farthing damages.

### WENT TO FRANCE TOGETHER.

Miss Cooper, counsel said, gave up a man with whom she was living to go through a form of marriage with defendant. Miss Cooper had a daughter fifteen or sixteen years of age.

When Miss Cooper consented to marry defendant he took her to Wimereux, near Boulogne, and there went through a ceremony of marriage.

It was performed with all the circumstance of a regular and conventional marriage. Guests were taken place before the British Vice-Consul at the British Vice-Consulate.

When they returned she found a letter which showed the defendant to be a married man. The marriage in France had turned out to be a bogus one, and the plaintiff had been entirely deceived.

A letter defendant wrote plaintiff after her marriage ran:—

My Darling Verre,—I spent yesterday with Billie. Went to Verre's in the afternoon.

The letter went on:—"I miss you very much. I long to be in your arms again. Thank you very much for loving me. Forgive me when I am irritable. A kiss for Gracie (plaintiff's child)."

Another letter said:—

Thank you very much for your letter and Gracie for hers. I like her calling me "Pa."

### THOUGHT HE WAS DIVORCED.

The plaintiff, a tall, fair-haired woman, giving evidence, said she was a native of Derbyshire, and her father was a keeper on an estate in that county for twenty years. She came to London about six years ago. She had been employed in a theatrical sketch.

She first met the defendant in a café in Regent-street, and in January, 1914, he asked her to marry him.

Witness bore out counsel's statement regarding the affair at Wimereux. Defendant had, she said, given her money on various occasions—£10, £50 and £80. He had allowed her £100 a year, and paid the allowance for three months.

In cross-examination by Mr. Pollock, she admitted that Mr. Chapman told her that he was a married man when he first met her, but she believed he had been divorced.

In further cross-examination Miss Cooper said she was sure Mr. Chapman honestly believed that he had been divorced by his wife and he in fact trusted soldiers to find out about the divorce proceedings which he believed had been taken.

"I am not here to say that Mr. Chapman is a deliberate bigamist," said counsel for Miss Cooper.

The defendant, giving evidence, said that he married in 1891 and had two daughters. In 1908 he had a nervous breakdown and a long period of depression. When he first met the plaintiff he told her he was a married man. At that time he believed he was divorced, but he had no proof of it.

When Miss Cooper told him he was not her husband, he said to her: "There is the door, go," and she went.

### WHAT GERMANY REALLY WANTS.

COPENHAGEN, April 23.—The Vice-President of the German Reichstag, Dr. Paasche, in a lecture on the future of German colonies, said he was doubtful whether it was possible or desirable to get back Kiaochow and the South Pacific Colonies.

They were, he said, so far away from a base that they could not be successfully developed against rising Japan. Germany, he added should rather establish a great German Central Africa round the Congo.—Exchange Special.

### WHAT DO WE PAY KRUPPS?

How much will the country have to pay Messrs. Krupps for the shells used at Neuve Chapelle after the war?

This is what Lord Charles Bessford will ask the Prime Minister on Wednesday next, as well as whether the Government intends paying Messrs. Krupps 1s. for every fuse made in this country.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Fine generally; temperature remaining below normal.

## WARSHIP'S LAST MOMENTS

Snapshot of Sinking of Irresistible in "Sunday Pictorial."

### DEFENCE OF BRITISH WORKERS

A marvellous picture of the sinking of the Irresistible will appear in the *Sunday Pictorial* to-morrow.

This fine battleship, it will be remembered, sank in deep water in the Narrows of the Dardanelles on March 18, having struck a drifting mine. Two hours later the Ocean met the same fate.

The photograph of this famous vessel, snapped in her last tragic moments, depicts as no words could one of the most sensational incidents in the world war.

Many other splendid pictures of notable events will appear in to-morrow's issue of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

Besides all the news of the day, there will be several articles by famous writers of deep human interest. One of the best is from the pen of Mr. Bottomley. His subject is "The Vindication of the Worker."

For weeks past the world has been ringing with the slander that there has been a serious shortage of ammunition in consequence of the moral weaknesses of the workers.

That slander has been killed by Mr. Aquilith's eloquent and convincing vindication of the men at Newcastle this week.

How that vindication will affect the course of the great campaign on the Continent is foretold in Mr. Bottomley's article in to-morrow's paper.

As there may be difficulty in getting a copy of to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, owing to the enormous popularity of this splendid paper, it is advisable to order it to-day.

### DOG AS OUT-PATIENT.

Seven-Months-Old Pomeranian Who Was X-Rayed at a London Hospital.

Babs, a seven-months-old Pomeranian, living at Dalling-road, Hammersmith, is just now a regular out-patient of the West London Hospital, where he is being attended to for a broken leg.

How Babs was first taken to the hospital forms a pretty story. A few days ago he was playing in the garden with his two friends, Winny Thane, aged eleven, and Will Crisp, aged three, when, in trying to catch a cat, he fell off a wall and broke one of his front legs.

The two children quickly put the dog in a clothes-basket and ran off to the West London Hospital with him. "We were rather afraid of going in at first," the little girl told *The Daily Mirror*, "but at last we went in the door and saw one of the doctors."

"He was very nice to us. 'I will do what I can for him,' he said. 'You can come and help me.' So Will and I went into one of the rooms and there we held poor Babs down while the doctor put the X-rays on his leg."

"We had a peep at the broken leg through the X-rays. I could see the bone as clearly as anything. It had snapped in two or three places. The doctor then set the leg in plaster of Paris and bound it up."

"We have been to the hospital a second time with Babs, and we are shortly to call again. The dog has an ordinary out-patient's ticket."

### MINISTER'S 250,000 LETTERS.

The announcement of the Chancellor's intention to introduce his proposals to deal with the drink question next week caused deep interest in political circles yesterday.

It is estimated that between 250,000 and 250,000 letters have been received by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in response to the advertisements in the Press requesting that communications should be addressed to those Ministers urging total prohibition during the war.

## PRINCESS CHARMING, 18.

Royal Family Gathering for Birthday of Their Majesties' Only Daughter.

### EXTRA LEAVE FOR THE PRINCE.

Princess Mary, their Majesties' only daughter, celebrates her eighteenth birthday to-morrow. Owing to the war, the social customs which are customarily associated with the attainment of the eighteenth birthday of a Royal Princess have been deferred.

Princess Mary, in normal times, would have joined the royal circle at the Court functions, but it was stated officially last night that whatever birthday celebrations are held will be of a purely private character.

A perfect type of English beauty, Princess Mary, with her wonderful golden hair and fresh complexion, has often been described as the Princess Charming of the Court.

All the members of the Royal Family will be at Buckingham Palace to-morrow, with the exception of Prince Albert, who is on active service in the North Sea.

The Prince of Wales has been granted an extension of leave until about the middle of next week.

It is probable a private luncheon-party will take place at the Palace, at which Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria and Princess Royal will be present. Other members of the Royal Family will probably visit the Palace to offer their congratulations to the Princess.

### LONDON'S DAY OF ROSES.

"St. George Is Not For Merry England This Year," Says Bishop at Tower Hill Service.

"The day of England dawns. Rally round the flag—the symbol of victory and herald of peace."

That was the message sent to all parts of the world by the Royal Society of St. George yesterday—St. George's Day. In reply cables conveyed greetings from the four corners of the earth.

London yesterday was a city of roses and of flags.

From many large business houses and public buildings flags bearing the Red Cross of St. George were flying.

Rose sellers were to be seen at every corner, and few people had a roseless buttonhole.

In celebration of St. George's Day a service was held with the approval of the King in the chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George at St. Paul's Cathedral, and over 100 officers and members of the Order were present. Since last year's service of the Order thirty-seven members have died, two of whom, Captain T. H. Rivers Bulkeley and Brigadier-General Sir J. E. Gough, were killed in action.

"St. George is not for merry England this year, but for earnest, united, unflinching, self-sacrificing England—England to which we all give our full heartfelt allegiance," said the Bishop of Birmingham at the annual Tower Hill service in connection with the Bishop of London's Evangelistic Council.

"Some of us are giving all we have," said Dr. Wakefield. "Twenty-three years ago on St. George's Day was born to me my youngest son. On this St. George's Day he keeps his birthday in the trenches."

### PARIS GIRL WINS GENERAL'S KISS.

PARIS, April 23.—General Pau was recognised by passers-by to-day in the Place de la Madeleine as he was going to visit a Red Cross establishment.

A crowd quickly gathered, a collection was made, and when the general reappeared a little girl handed him a bunch of beautiful flowers tied with a bow of tricoloured ribbon.

General Pau kissed the donor and exclaimed: "Vive la France!"—Central News.

## BELLES WHO MUST LOOK LIKE BELLS.

Fashion's Decree for the Latest Silhouette for Smart Women.

### CHECK HEELS TO BOOTS.

Parisians say that a woman must have a bell-shaped silhouette if she wishes to be considered "chic."

A French modiste, who has just returned from Paris, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that all the well-dressed women there were "bell-shaped." "That is to say," she added, "the smart woman must have narrow, sloping shoulders, a flat chest, and wear a wide, bell-shaped skirt."

"No change from this mode is expected for some time. It is definitely settled for the present. There will, of course, not be so many changes as in other years."

"There is practically no demand for evening dresses, either in London or Paris. 'Our customers in both capitals all demand plain colours, such as blue in all dark shades, a grey sand colour and black and white, or all black or all white.'"

In Bond-street yesterday nearly every woman had a bell-shaped gown.

Some also wore quaint little jaunty jackets with these gowns.

One very smart suit was seen which could not be worn by every woman, but which was very becoming on a medium-sized girl.

It was of black and white check of a small, neat pattern.

The skirt was very short and the little jacket, which was of bolero tendency, was short also.

With this were worn check boots with high check heels and laced up with black laces.

### GIRL'S TRAGEDY OF GRIEF.

A pathetic story of a young woman's grief at the death of her mother was told at an inquest at Leighton Buzzard yesterday concerning the death of Miss Edith Green, schoolteacher, aged twenty-three, whose mutilated body was found on the North-Western Railway near the town. A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

Evidence showed that she had been very much depressed since the death of her mother eight weeks ago. On returning from her school duties on Wednesday she sang to some soldiers billeted in the house, but broke off abruptly with the remark, "Isn't life sad? Life is not worth living without a mother." Later in the evening she cycled three miles out of the town to the spot where her body was found.

### RUNAWAY GERMANS TRIED.

The trial by court-martial of Lieutenant Hans van Leeden and Lieutenant van Sanders-Leben, the German officers who recently escaped from the concentration camp near Llanansan, near Denbigh, opened at Chester yesterday.

Both prisoners raised objections to the jurisdiction of the Court, van Adler maintaining that he was liable to be tried only by the commandant of the camp, by whom alone, he said, disciplinary punishment could be inflicted. Van Sanders-Leben's objection was of a similar nature. The Court, however, after a private conference, over-ruled the objections.

The prisoners were told that the sentences would be promulgated in due course after they had been considered by General Mackinnon.

### DANISH "SUFF" M.P.s.

COPENHAGEN, April 23.—The Rigsdag to-day passed the new Constitution, giving the vote to women, who may also become members of the Rigsdag, and abolishing the qualifications hitherto necessary for election to the Landsting. The new Constitution will have to be passed again by the new Rigsdag to be elected next month.—Reuter.

### BANK CHAIRMAN CHARGED.

There was a sensational sequel at Bow-street yesterday to the recent failure of the Civil Service Bank, Limited, a compulsory order for the winding-up of which was made in January by Mr. Justice Astbury.

James T. Southgate, chairman, and Edwin Wilding, auditor of the bank, were charged with publishing a balance-sheet of the company alleged to be false. Defendants applied for bail.

Mr. Williamson, who represented the Treasury, asked that the bail should be substantial. Southgate, who was chairman and solicitor of the company, was, he said, indebted to the bank in the sum of £5,725, and Wilding was indebted to the bank in the sum of £9,346.

The magistrate ordered a remand until next Wednesday, accepting defendants' own sureties in £2,000 with two sureties of £1,000 each.

Lieutenant W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., Squire of Hawarden, who was recently killed in action, was buried in Hawarden Churchyard yesterday with full military honours. A private message of condolence was sent to Mrs. W. H. Gladstone by the King.



Miss Lilian Cooper and Mr. H. A. B. Chapman, plaintiff and defendant respectively in the action for alleged breach of promise reported on this page.

# BETTER AND BRIGHTER THAN EVER: "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" No. 7 TO-MORROW



# GERMANS GAIN GROUND NEAR YPRES BY USING ASPHYXIATING GAS

**Berlin Claims Yser Canal Is Forced and 1,600 Prisoners Taken.**

**ALLIES ADVANCE IN BIG COUNTER-ATTACK.**

**"French Troops Had to Retire Overwhelmed by Fumes," Says Sir J. French.**

**HUNS' LONG PREPARATION OF FORBIDDEN DEVICES.**

By using asphyxiating gas fumes the Germans north of Ypres have forced back French troops to the Yser Canal near Boesinghe. Though Berlin claims sweeping successes in the fighting that ensued, Sir John French last night reported that "our front remains intact except on the extreme left" and the French communiqué states that the enemy's surprise "has had no grave consequences."

Berlin's claim is that the Germans forced a passage across the Yser Canal, that Langemark and three other places were captured, and that 1,600 French and British prisoners with thirty guns fell into German hands.

Even in the short time at their disposal the Allies have retaliated and a vigorous counter-attack has developed successfully.

An official telegram from Berlin says:—"The Admiralty Staff states that recently the German High Sea Fleet has been cruising in the North Sea, and has advanced into English waters, without meeting any British naval force."

The bombardment of the Dardanelles forts has been resumed, and the transports of the Expeditionary Force have arrived in the Gulf of Saros.

**GAS FUMES THAT DROVE BACK OUR ALLY.**

**Sir J. French Reports That British Had to Readjust Line to New Front.**

Sir John French last night communicated the following, dated yesterday:—

Yesterday (Thursday) evening the enemy developed an attack on the French troops on our left in the neighbourhood of Bixchoote and Langemark, on the north-east of Ypres salient.

This attack was preceded by a heavy bombardment, the enemy at the same time making use of a large number of appliances for the production of asphyxiating gas.

The quantity produced indicates long and deliberate preparation for the employment of devices contrary to the terms of The Hague Convention, to which the enemy subscribed.

**OVERWHELMED BY FUMES.**

The false statement made by the Germans a week ago to the effect that we were using such gases is now explained. It was obviously an effort to diminish neutral criticism in advance.

During the night the French had to retire from the gas zone, overwhelmed by the fumes. They have fallen back to the canal in the neighbourhood of Boesinghe.

Our front remains intact except on the extreme left, where the troops have had to readjust their line in order to conform with the new French line. Two attacks were delivered during the night on our trenches east of Ypres and were repulsed.

Fighting still continues in the region north of Ypres.

This (Friday) morning one of our aviators during the course of a reconnaissance which he completed successfully damaged a German aeroplane and forced it to descend. Our Flying Corps also brought down another German machine about Messines.

**HUNS CLAIM "VICTORY."**

AMSTERDAM, April 23.—The following official telegram has been received from Berlin:—

A report from Main Headquarters dated April 23 says: Yesterday evening along our front from Steenstraete to the east of Langemark we attacked the enemy positions north and north-east of Ypres, and advanced on a front of nearly six miles to the heights south of Pilkern and east of these heights.

Simultaneously our troops, supported by artillery, forced a passage across the Yser Canal, near Steenstraete and Hetsas, where they gained a footing on the western bank.

Langemark, Steenstraete, Hetsas and Pilkern were taken, and we captured at least 1,600 French and English prisoners and thirty guns, including four heavy English guns.

There have been hostile infantry attacks only in the wooded district between Ailly and Apremont,

where at some places the French have penetrated our advanced trenches, but have been partly driven out again. Hand-to-hand fighting still continues.

Embermenil, west of Avricourt, which we recently occupied, was yesterday set on fire by the French bombardment and evacuated by our vanguard.—Reuter.

**"NO GRAVE RESULT."**

PARIS, April 23.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium the surprise caused by the asphyxiating bombs used by the Germans to the north of Ypres has had no grave consequences.

Our counter-attack, vigorously supported by the British troops on our right and also by the Belgian troops on our left, was developed with success.

The Anglo-French troops gained ground towards the north between Steenstraete and the Ypres-Poelcapelle road.

Our Allies took prisoners belonging to three different regiments.

**FRENCH PROGRESS CONTINUED.**

In Champagne, at Beausejour, we demolished an enemy gun protected by a casemate which was enfilading our trenches.

On the heights of the Meuse the enemy essayed three attacks at the Calonne trench, at Les Eparges and near Combres. These were immediately stopped.

In the forest of Apremont, at the Cow's Head, our progress was continued. We found in the captured trenches about 200 German dead.

Our artillery blew up two ammunition depots and a company of German infantry in the vicinity was almost entirely annihilated.

We captured a trench-mortar, a machine gun and some material.—Reuter.

**DRIVEN BACK BY BOMB GAS**

PARIS, April 23.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Yesterday evening there were fairly lively engagements in Belgium.

In the bend of the Yser, to the north of Dixmude, the Belgian troops repulsed an attack directed against the Chateau of Vieogne and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

To the north of Ypres the Germans, by employing a large quantity of asphyxiating bombs, the effect of which was felt for a distance of a mile and a quarter behind our lines, succeeded in forcing us to retire.

In the direction of the Yser Canal, towards the west, and in the direction of Ypres, towards the south, the enemy's attack was held up.

A vigorous counter-attack enabled us to regain ground, making many prisoners.

In Ailly Wood, near St. Mihiel, by an attack to the east and west of the position previously captured, we took 700 yards of trenches and made about 100 prisoners, including three officers.—Reuter.

**BRITISH HOLD ENTIRE CREST OF HILL 60.**

**Sir John French's Cheerful Report on Ypres Triumph—Air Hero's Raid on Ghent.**

Sir John French's bi-weekly report, dated Thursday and issued yesterday, is as follows:—

German attacks on Hill 60 just west of Zwarteleen, which had stopped at the time of my communiqué on Monday, have since been renewed several times.

These attacks have all failed, and for the time being they have ceased.

We hold the entire crest of the hill, and so deny its use to the enemy, who attack great importance to it.

There is not, and never has been, any truth in the statement published in the German official communiqué that the enemy had recaptured the position.

During the course of the operations the enemy fired shells of 17-inch diameter into Ypres.

On Wednesday, in the neighbourhood of La

Basse, the enemy exploded two mines opposite our right. They failed to damage our trenches.

Having discovered German mining operations in the neighbourhood of La Touquet, near Armentieres, we forestalled their efforts this (Thursday) morning by exploding a mine, which we had prepared there.

On Monday one of our airmen carried out a very bold and successful single-handed attack on an airship ahead near Ghent.

He had to run the gauntlet of the fire directed from a captive balloon, as well as from the ground, in order to attack his objective.

In spite of this he descended to within 200ft. and effected his object, causing a large explosion in the shed.

**WARSHIPS SHELL FORTS AT DARDANELLES.**

**Transports with Expeditionary Force Arrive in Gulf of Saros—Turkish Panic.**

ATHENS, April 22.—Information from Greek sources states that there has been a resumption of operations in the Dardanelles.

A section of the Allied fleet is lying off Enos, and a number of transports are in the Gulf of Saros.

A bombardment of the Dardanelles forts by Allied warships took place both yesterday and to-day.—Central News.

**TURKS FLEE IN PANIC.**

SOFIA, April 23.—Two British warships appeared off Dedegatch yesterday and saluted the Bulgarian flag.

Refugees from Turkish Thrace, who have arrived in Bulgaria, state that panic reigns among the inhabitants along the whole Turkish coast of the Aegean Sea, owing to the bombardment of Enos.

They also report that the Allies have again landed troops at Enos, and that the garrison has been withdrawn.—Reuter.

**FOE'S ENORMOUS LOSSES.**

PETROGRAD, April 23.—A dispatch from the Headquarters Staff of the Commander-in-Chief says:—

In the direction of Lutovsk we made successful progress, capturing a portion of the enemy trenches on Hill 1,001, to the north-east of Lubnia.

"We took prisoners seven officers and over 200 rank and file."

During the night of April 21-22 the enemy took the offensive on the front Lubnia-Bukwetz-Sianki, but the movement failed everywhere, the enemy being repulsed with enormous losses.

On the rest of the front there was intermittent artillery fire.

To sum up, nothing of great consequence happened during the day, and the position remains unchanged.—Reuter.

**U BOAT SHELLS TRAWLER**

A thrilling story of his escape from a German submarine in the North Sea was told yesterday on his arrival at Grimsby by Captain J. Hines, of the trawler St. Lawrence.

The Germans, he said, attacked the trawler with shell fire, which was continued for two hours.

Seeing that the pirates intended to destroy the trawler, Captain Hines launched his small boat, and seven of the crew got into it under the fire of the Germans.

Two other men, the third hand and deck hand who had gone below to get life-belts, jumped overboard to swim to the boat. The submarine commander refused to allow the boat to pick up the two men, and they were drowned.

When the boat got clear the Germans blew up the trawler with bombs.

A Blyth (Northumberland) fisherman yesterday reported that when five miles out at sea he saw a Zeppelin flying high towards the coast. About twenty minutes later he saw the airship returning seawards.

**WITH SEA FIGHTERS OFF THE STRAITS.**

**Shells That Gave Queen Elizabeth Her Baptism of Fire at Dardanelles.**

**MEDITERRANEAN MAZE.**

(From a Special Correspondent.)

EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, April 8.—The importance of Malta cannot be over-estimated. Both the English and French fleets and transports are based on it—over 100 French ships and an even larger number of British.

We left Malta on Friday, April 2, in the oil-tank steamer Sunik, under ideal conditions, but on Monday morning we ran into a storm of wind and rain, which continued for three days and nights. Many of our merchant captains and their crews have never traversed the waters of the Mediterranean; its currents, changing weather conditions, its lights and the innumerable islands of the Archipelago are a new field of discovery to them.

Amazing as it may seem, the charts are also old and very inaccurate, all of which adds to the difficulty of correct navigation.

But are Black messengers, under orders to arrive at our destination without delay, the same blood and spirit of enterprise of the Elizabethan era courses through the veins of the officers and men, and we press on, groping our way blindly and risking bumps with the Archipelago.

After dawn next day we sight two little black dots a long way to port, and the captain pronounces them to be trawlers.

When they come up we can make out on the tiny bridges two figures cowered in oilskins, but nevertheless drenched through and looking like drowned rats.

They are two young sub-lieutenants, not out of their "teens," who have been placed in charge of these trawlers to take them to the Dardanelles.

**VIGIL ON THE BRIDGE.**

For the last forty-eight hours they have been swept fore and aft by big range waves, and their officers have not been able to leave the bridge.

But both are cheerful and happy and perfectly frank. They hail us through the megaphone: "We are quite lost; haven't an idea where we are, where are you bound for; can we follow you in?"

"Our captain gives our destination, which I am allowed to do, and once more we get under way."

Now we round a bend and come in sight of a portion of the fleet.

The first sight which greets our eyes are the fighting-tops of the mighty Queen Elizabeth—the most powerful warship afloat in any waters. Her huge body is hidden by some low-lying land. Shades of Nelson! But suddenly we see a destroyer dashing her way towards us and flying the French flag.

**DESTROYER SENTINEL.**

We give our number and the destroyer retires satisfied, and we make our way slowly in.

A pinnae takes me across to the Queen Elizabeth to visit the admiral. This, the latest of our super-Dreadnoughts, is a revelation.

She only carries eight great 15-inch guns, and a secondary armament of 6in. But those eight

**DON'T MISS TO-MORROW'S**

**SUNDAY PICTORIAL**

BEST AND BRIGHTEST  
SUNDAY  
PICTURE NEWSPAPER

make every other gun you have ever seen look ridiculous and contemptible.

The gunners say they can almost land on a penny at 15,000 yards even with three-quarter charges.

The great ship has in turn received her baptism of fire, and has been struck by three shells, one of which came through the mast, and the flames nearly all the midshipmen were at their stations, and no one was hurt.

Another came through her unprotected side, high up, but burst without doing any damage. The third, I think, hit her funnel.

A short distance from the Queen Elizabeth lies the Dreadnought cruiser Inflexible. This ship has seen more fighting in the war than almost any other vessel in the Fleet.

The officers tell you that the Falkland Islands action was child's play to what they had to face on March 18, when the great attack was made on the Dardanelles.

The Inflexible suffered heavily. Her foretop was hit by a shell, which killed or wounded all of those up aloft but two seamen.

At the same time another shell set fire to some woodwork at the base of the mast, and the flames spread upwards, rendering the task of bringing down the wounded from the fighting-top impossible until they were extinguished.

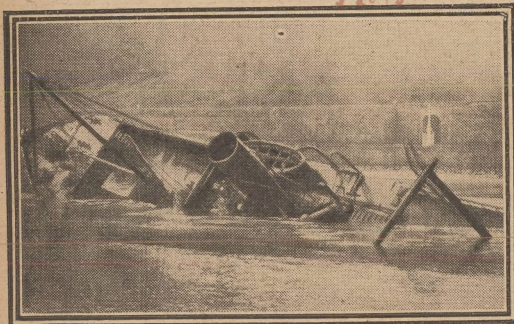
She will shortly rejoin the Fleet as good as ever.

On April 8 a cutter comes alongside with orders for me to transfer to the battleship Triumph, which will take me to the Fleet, which is keeping its ceaseless watch outside the Dardanelles. On reaching the Fleet I am transferred to the battleship London, where for the present I shall remain. E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.



Little girl pinning a rose on the tunic of a wounded soldier who purchased a flower in aid of the Red Cross Fund.



**STEAMER WRECKED IN THE AVON.**

A wreck which was not caused by a pirate submarine. The steamer is the Tweed, which sank in the River Avon after running aground. The crew was saved.

**LORD METHUEN'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED.**

The Hon. Christian Methuen, daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, and the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, M.P., whose engagement has just been announced. Mr. Howard is a son of the 9th Earl of Carlisle.—(Val L'Estrange and Ryan.)

**THE LATEST THING IN COLLARS FROM PARIS.**

A novelty in collars from Paris which is to be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The large wings bring to mind the collars which were always associated with the name of Mr. W. E. Gladstone.—(Photograph Pierre.)

READ THE 4 SPLENDID ARTICLES IN TO-MORROW'S

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24 PAGES.

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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915.

## THEY MUST KNOW.

THE OLD WORD "witch" suggests to our vision an isolated and elderly woman, dedicated to malignant works, amongst her sinister appliances; until the villagers, in a moment of exuberance, come to drag her with her actual innocence but guilty conscience, to the neighbouring pond. . . . People tell us there are no more witches of that sort anywhere to be seen nowadays.

But other people, whom we admire—the Stoic philosophers, for example—warn us that nothing ever really dies out, or drops out and disappears from the universe. Things are changed; they are "used up" in new ways. No tendency of thought or of belief utterly vanishes. Are there witches, then, nowadays?

We believe there are amiable witches. Instead of the haggard women of old time, there are now pleasant and often portly ladies of engaging aspect who live not alone but surrounded by encouraged clients. Palmists, thought-readers, clairvoyantes and the rest—we suppose they were rarely so busy as they have been since this war began.

It is all very well to say you are not superstitious and that you don't believe in that sort of thing—you will do better to confess that there is a certain charm in it. It were better no doubt to have the nobler sort of faith, to live in prayer and hope, to make companions of the theological and secular virtues, to base courage, in these weary months, on the authentic sources of renewal. All good maxims (says Pascal) are in the world: they only want application. And now plenty of advice, plenty of fine maxims, about courage and faith and hope; plenty of help everywhere from Christian lore and Stoic sentence exist for those whose friends die daily out in France; or are, on the other hand, saved. But these consolations we have as it were to summon from ourselves. There is effort in them. It is easier, it seems more popular, to seek a little mysterious external aid occasionally—to ask some amiable witch what *she* thinks: in fact, to call upon a clairvoyante.

We know many instances of it. Those in distress must know what to think. And in a nondescript if garish room, the clairvoyante holds their hands and sees at once anxiety "about a fair man." Or was it a dark one? Dark? Ah, yes, a slight mistake. A dark man, then. But he is safe. He will be safe. He will survive. There is danger ahead, but the danger will pass. There is a "journey over deep waters" in prospect. (That means he will be wounded, perhaps.) There is money coming. There is wealth. There is happiness. There is bliss illimitable. Only wait.

"What awful rot!"—of course. But—do you know?—however silly it may seem, it somehow gives to some of these inquirers just that little fillip they need in their effort to persevere through the long months. You may laugh. Severely, you may even condemn. Be more indulgent. It is a time to pardon such weaknesses. . . . W. M.

## FRIENDSHIP REMEMBERED.

The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracks that pleased us well,  
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:  
And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And, crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
And wrapt these formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
And think, that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

—TENNYSON.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### HOW LONG?

AFTER READING your article on "Optimism at Home and Abroad," I received a letter from the front expressing complete confidence in "peace before Christmas." My correspondent seemed to think himself very moderate, too, in fixing a possible time so far ahead.

I agree that few of us at home can see any reason for such confidence. Have many of your readers received similar letters? M. E. Wimbledon.

### THE SUBALTERN'S MOUSTACHE.

I HOPE the regulation will not be altered in spite of "Would-Be Clean-Shaven." Soldiers

would fall heavily on the working classes, for obvious reasons—in fact it would affect no other class, since the rich drinker takes good care he is not so easily found out.

C. W. CAMPBELL.

### "HATE ENGLAND."

THE LETTER from a German under the above heading is delightfully typical of the mental attitude of these people. Realising that they are beaten, they now try and cajole and bamboozle us! He alludes airily to the hatred against us with which Germany "seems" to be infected!

"Seems" is good! And he tells us that Germany has lost her "friend" through her "foolishness"! "Foolishness"! "Tis thus

## A PLEA FOR THE CLEAN-SHAVEN OFFICER.

ALTHOUGH BEARDS ARE VERY NICE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NICE BEARDS,  
AN ORDER LESSENING SHAVING IN OUR ARMY MIGHT NOT, ON THE WHOLE,  
IMPROVE ITS APPEARANCE



THIS IS HARDLY  
'SMART'



THIS ONE HAS  
DONE HIS BEST



WHAT ABOUT  
THIS?



WE MIGHT GO BACK  
TO SOMETHING OF  
THIS SORT



OR THIS?

AND IF WE ARE  
NOT TO INTERFERE  
WITH THE HAIR ON  
THE FACE - WHY  
TOUCH THE HAIR  
ON THE  
HEAD?



W. K. HASSELDEN.

Many people are suggesting that officers ought not to shave at all on the ground that "beards are more manly." Perhaps so; but are they neat, and do they suit modern faces?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

look very much smarter and far more manly than the long-haired, clean-shaven nut, the very last type of man that soldiers would care to copy in any way.

Our smartest, best-groomed men have always been the officers in the Regular Army, and can for that reason easily be picked out even in plain clothes. I for one have no wish to see them looking like actors or lawyers, and very much prefer them as they are.

### A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

### DRINKING AND DRUNKENNESS.

A DECREE of moderation as suggested by a reader on the 22nd inst. would be fatal. If people are encouraged to drink and then punished for becoming drunken, the character of a colossal number would be blasted. The proportion of strong-minded persons is not as overwhelming as it might be. It is like offering a large chocolate to a child with the order that only a small piece must be eaten, otherwise you will administer chastisement. Result—crying.

A. W. H. O.

MR. ST. JOHN DELL is quite right in stating that drunkenness should be more severely punished—and that not only for the duration of the war.

But what about the drunkenness that is not seen, and will consequently go unpunished always?

The passing of such a law as he suggests

Germans qualify their diabolically cruel and fiendish actions in Belgium and France. Their wanton destruction of towns, villages, cathedrals, their wholesale murders of innocent old men, women and children, priests, prisoners, wounded! Their robbery, pillage and incendiarism—all this to a German mind is mere "foolishness"! And he would have us believe that their hatred of England is merely the fond hysteria of a sweet, tender woman who has lost her "friend"!

How delightfully poetical!  
Your correspondent is no true German, however, if he does not know that German hatred of England is the hatred of the tiger that has been balked of its prey—by us! He tries to comfort us by telling us that his sweet countrymen still "care" for us.

AN OLD NAVAL OFFICER.

### "BE A MAN. . ."

IS ENGLAND to boast of an Army that has been shamed into fighting? Such posters as "Be a man and enlist to-day" and "Men, if you are worthy of the name, join the Army" widen the gap that unfortunately exists between the man in uniform and the man who is not.

England wants volunteers—cheerful fighters. Men who do not want to join and are practically made to by this means are no soldiers. They are conscripts and we don't want them. Posters should appeal to, and not shame, the fit man.

C. W. CAMPBELL.

## AFTER THE WAR.

### Will Marriage Be More Difficult for the Humble Breadwinner?

#### "NOT ABLE TO MARRY."

IT IS the old story—those are "not able to marry" who are not content with little; that is, with good food, plain clothes, and enough to educate the children that may come. Most young men want more—their leisure, their "freedom," their club and golf subscriptions.

But these same young men who wanted all these things are now many of them at the front. That hard experience and spare living will teach them to despise luxury. They will come back, I hope, ready and able to marry the girls who have waited for them with such hope and anxiety all these months. Hammersmith. T. M.

#### "AT TWENTY-FIVE."

"A YOUNG man should be married not a year later than his twenty-fifth birthday," says "Engaged at Twenty-Four." I quite agree with him on that point.

I am twenty-six, and if I had had my way I would have been married a year before my twenty-fifth birthday. But what have I to marry on?

I am a City clerk—one of the countless hundreds who sit all day with their eyes glued to a ledger. I am earning £2 a week, and when I get—I might say, if I get—£2 5s. a week, I shall marry a girl I know.

When most of my colleagues enlisted at the outbreak of war—I am, alas, not medically fit—I did think there would be some small chance of advancement!

But, no, my firm have kindly given me three men's work at one man's "screw."

It is all very well to talk of snobishness and the "keeping up appearances" idea preventing selfish men from marrying; but I am, at any rate, snobbish enough to want to give my wife a certain amount of bread and butter, even if there is never any jam on it. FEN UR.

#### SPHERE OF WOMEN.

CERTAINLY there is room for improvement in the treatment of women—by some of our men, at any rate, but the chief point of "J. A.'s" letter is that women can be just as successful in business as men, and that the end and aim of a woman's life should be to occupy a position which is obviously more suited to the abilities of a man.

What an ambition! I should like to remind your correspondent that "by that sin fell the angels." But it can never be the case, because men will always be superior to

KATHARINE MARSHALL.

### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 23.—Sweet peas that were sown last month are now growing quickly. It is most important to cover them with black cotton to keep the birds away. Lime or soot should be dusted over the soil.

Sweet peas raised in pots and boxes should now be ready for setting out. Plant them thinly in rows or clumps, and it is wise to plant in a slight depression; they can then be kept moist easily. E. F. T.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

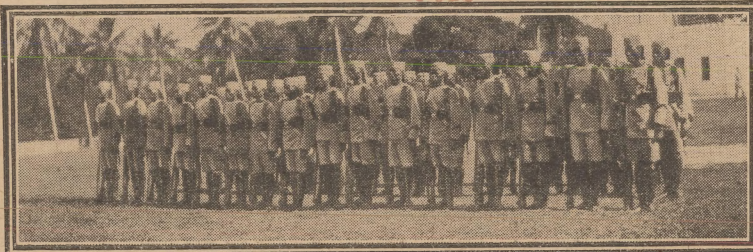
Put on gladness that hath always favour before God, and is acceptable unto Him, and delight thyself in it; for every man that is glad thinketh good thoughts, despising grief.—Walter Pater.



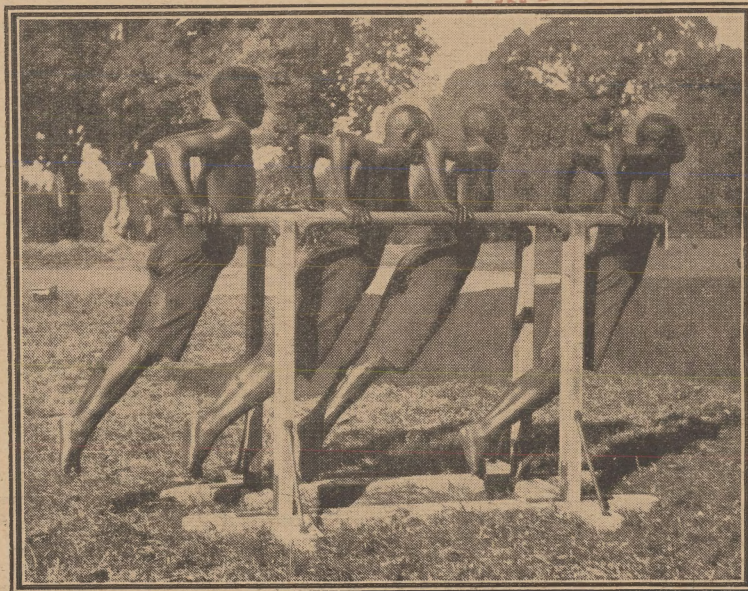
# LOYAL NATIVE REGIMENT: KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES IN SERVICE DRESS



Active service dress.



A company drawn up for inspection at the barracks at Zanzibar.



Physical drill on the parallel bars.



Back view of the kit.

The King's African Rifles, who are recruited from the native races, have done their duty splendidly during the war. There are, in fact, no more loyal subjects of his Majesty. There are three battalions—the Central Africa, which fought at Ashanti in 1900, the Uganda and

the East Africa. The men seen in the pictures belong to the last-named battalion, and are now stationed at Zanzibar, the island which we exchanged for Heligoland. They are very picturesque warriors, and are officered by Englishmen.

## STRAD SOLD TWICE FOR RED CROSS.



Lord Newland's Strad, which was bought for £2,500 at the Red Cross sale at Christie's. Lady Wernher, the purchaser, returned it, and it was sold again for 1,400 guineas.

## CAPTAIN SPOONER.



Lieutenant R. H. Spooner, the famous England and Lancashire cricketer, who has been promoted captain.



Lieutenant R. R. Waddell-Dudley, killed in action. He played for Oxford in the Varsity lawn tennis match.

## FIGHTERS' WIVES WHO CAN DRILL



Liverpool has a squad of 1,200 woman stalwarts who have nothing to learn about squad formation and marching. They are the wives of the fighting men at the front, and have been drilling every afternoon since last September under



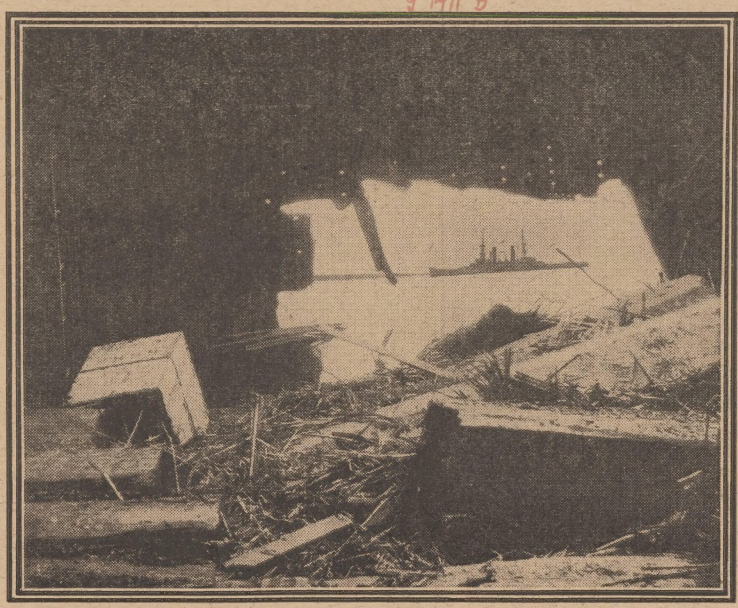
# SIAN BOOTS.

# GERMAN STEAMER BADLY DAMAGED.

# TICKETS PLEASE



The hole made in the steamer by the mine or torpedo.



A warship seen through the hole in the vessel's hull.



Uniform worn by the women ticket collectors employed by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway.

an boots are all the rage with the women. This is Mrs. Ainsley, who set the fashion.

This German steamer was captured by a British cruiser. After her capture she fouled a mine or was struck by a torpedo, which tore a great hole in her hull. She did not sink, however, and was brought safely to port.

# WELL AS THEIR HUSBANDS.

# SPORTSMEN KILLED.

# BOAT PROPELLED BY AIR TUBES.



yllis Lovell, who is a very capable instructress. Her brother, who is an officer, ited the drill ground the other day and reviewed the Liverpool "Amazons," they are locally called.



Lieutenant C. A. Vincent, the Cambridge Rugby Blue, who has also been killed in action. He was only twenty-one.

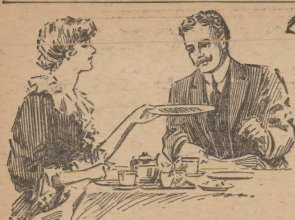


Lieutenant J. A. C. Croft, the well-known rowing man, who has been killed in action near Ypres.



Mr. Schroeder setting out for a sail on the Thames in a boat of his own invention. It is propelled by a series of tubes which eject air under the craft. It can travel at a good pace.





## Economy at the Breakfast Table

**DON'T** stint your breakfast in the name of "economy." There is no need. Topmast Norwegian Sardines provide you with a surprisingly nourishing and delicious breakfast dish at a far less cost than bacon, eggs, etc.

Buy a tin to-day and judge for yourself.

THERE is a big difference between Topmast Norwegian Sardines and other Sardines. Topmast are more delicate, more digestible, more wholesome. Being packed in the purest olive oil, they prove a splendid food for children; not only nourishing, but excellent for the health of the system. The combination of proteins and fat is ideal for the welfare of body and brain.

BE sure you get Topmast Norwegian Sardines—the kind that is free from immature fish, tough skins, scales, or coarse oil. Topmast cost you no more than inferior substitutes—a 6d. tin containing 20 sardines (average). In delicious olive oil or tomato sauce—whichever you prefer. **MONEY BACK if you do not find Topmast all we claim.**

Of all Grocers and Stores.

# SPRING'S "TOPMAST" SARDINES

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## AT EVERY MEAL.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat give you the nourishment necessary in the morning. Eat them at noon to reinforce your strength. Their lightness and digestibility make them ideal for supper.

They are perfectly cooked, waiting for you to serve them at your very next meal, with milk or stewed fruit.

The children love these enticing cereals. Put Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat in their pockets for lunch.

Sold by Grocers everywhere 7d. per packet. If any difficulty in obtaining either of these nourishing foods, send us your name and address on a post card and we will see you are supplied.

QUAKER OATS LTD., FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

## Puffed Rice & Puffed Wheat

## Wash-day Ended! worries—

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old "tub and scrub" method is superseded by—

**BRADFORD'S  
'VOWEL'  
WASHER**

No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 35s. Carriage Mangle Machines "35s. Free. Wringing Machines from 22s. Special Discount.

BUTTER CHURNING, BUTTERY REEERS. LABOUR-SAVERS for the HOUSE. "Everything for the House and Dairy."

Write for Illustrated Catalogue (No. 368 A). THOS. BRADFORD & Co., Manufacturers, 11-12, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON. 130, Bold St., Liverpool; 1, Deansgate, Manchester

### GARDENING.

**PRETTY** Rapid Climbers—Two Sweet-Scented Clematis, 1 Blue, White; 2 Bell Flowers, White, Pink; 2 Scarlet and Gold Flame Flowers; 2 Yellow Healthy Hops; 3 Sweet-Scented Honeysuckle; sure to thrive and increase yearly; gratis, with instructions, 6 Ideal Plants (Double Pink Morning Glory, grow anywhere; lovely Satin Pink, double as a Rose, resembles Carnation, bears hundreds of blooms, make fine buttonhole; the whole collection of Climbers, i.e., carriage paid—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Pegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

**CARNATIONS**, Close-Scented—Early Sweet-Scented Carnations, as grown for market; all grown in the open; first-class varieties, grand colours, Scarlet, Rose, Pink, Crimson, White, etc.; 12 Selected First Early, soon flower; 1st, Second Early, 18 1st, two collections, 1st, 6d.; gratis, 3 Climbing Plants, as above; carriage paid—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Pegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

**EASILY** Prize Chrysanthemums; the best and earliest ever offered; all winners, and just as easy to grow as common sorts; 12 First Early, July to end Sept. Blooming; 1st, 12 Second early, and Sept. onward; 1st, colours, Shell, Pink, Golden, White, Crimson, Bronze, Red, Purple, Cream, etc.; many new sorts; never before offered retail. Customer writes: "Those I had last season were beautiful. This makes my fourth season buying from you." The two collections, 1st, 9d., carriage paid—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Pegwell Bay, Ramsgate.

**DAHLIAS**, Modern Dahlias—All the newest varieties; 4 Cactus, 4 Fancy, 4 Pearly, 3 Show and Collared, 4 Gratis; the finest collection ever offered; win every time we exhibit; testimonial—Customer says: "3 of yours is as good as 50 I had elsewhere." Price 1s., carriage paid—Banger Bros., Nurserymen, Ramsgate.

**SEEDS**—Free trial packets, with bargain Lists Seed Potatoes, Roses, Bulbs, Plants, Fruit Trees; cash or easy terms.—A. Lighton, 57, Kington, Boston.

### ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

**LADY** Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired.—Call or write, Soc., 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele., Mayfair 5559.

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2nd January, 1905.

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Certificate awarded by Incorporated Institute of Hygiene, for ten consecutive years since above date.

Guaranteed Genuine only when bearing Branded Cork and Capsule



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to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any abdominal complaint send now for my (FULLY ILLUSTRATED) Free Booklet

It contains priceless information on women's internal complaints, and will be sent post free on request. It also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how ruptures of all kinds, Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc., can be cured without Operations or Internal Instruments—the latter cause cancers and tumours, and should be avoided at all costs. Send to-day to Mrs. CLARA E. NATER, Dep. 234, Belgrave, Finsbury Park, London, N. Established 25 years.



Mother says:

"Yes! I always keep a tin of Mackintosh's 'Toffee de Luxe' in the house for the chicks. I like to know that they are eating Toffee that is really good for them. And it keeps them good—oh! so very good."

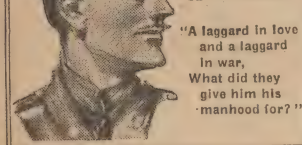
Every mother should adopt this plan. Buy a tin to-day!



# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERRIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions to society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps because of an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is dosing in his club-room. Just lately his lady serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to reach it. He's a Frenchman when he's at the armchair at home and an heretic with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to a nurse—Nurse Anderson—and she will marry him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service.

A week or two later he returns wounded, but not badly. At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. It is brought more and more home to Sonia, how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is among a mass—Nurse Anderson—and as the train moves off she faints.

Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the strange news that Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to put the whole thing from him. In a terrific struggle, in which triumph is falling like rain, he is rescued by an officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes out again and brings in Carter, who has been killed. He just reaches the trench when he collapses, badly wounded.

In London the news is published that Chatterton is dead, but that he was awarded the V.C. first. Montague insists. Chatterton's memory, and Sonia, realising that she cannot possibly marry him, runs away. She has heard when Richard's friends burst in with the strange news that Chatterton is alive, after all!

Old Jardine has a stormy scene with Montague when the latter is told about Sonia running away. He is more staggered when he hears that Chatterton is not dead.

At Victoria Station, where Sonia has vaguely gone, she runs into Nurse Anderson, and also hears the wonderful news that Richard is alive. But the heart is taken out of her by the statement that the pretty nurse is wearing Richard's ring.

Sonia finds sanctuary in the lodgings-house of a former old servant of Mrs. Simpson. She tells Sonia that her husband works for Mr. Montague!

Richard Chatterton, lying in a base hospital, severely wounded, turns round to see old Jardine standing at his bedside. The latter tells him the wonderful news that Sonia is not married after all.

Old Jardine receives an urgent recall from Lady Merriam, who tells him the sensational news that Montague has carried Sonia off with him in his car. Young Courtenay sees them together in it, and gives chase in a taxi.

## "WE ARE MARRIED."

**YOUNG** Courtenay rather regretted his sudden impulse when he was safely ensconced in the taxicab and speeding along the road with the big yellow car in view.

It occurred to him that he might be making a bit of an ass of himself. Once he put out his hand to the speaking tube opposite to tell the driver to stop, but checked himself. After all, neither Sonia nor Montague would ever know if he chose to doubt the fact for the privilege of following in the dusty wake of their car; and it was always possible to give up the chase if it seemed to be leading nowhere.

But when London began rapidly to fall behind, and they were well out on the Wembley road; Courtenay began to think of his pocket. After all, it was a bit of a wild-goose chase; as well give it up and turn back.

He probably would have done so in another moment had not the big car ahead of them suddenly slowed down.

The driver of the taxicab slowed also; he halted in his seat, looking inquiringly at his passenger; Courtenay signed to him to go on; they passed Montague's car at increased speed; Courtenay looked eagerly from the window as

they did so, but Sonia's face was averted and he could not see it.

No doubt his imagination had run away with him; it was very unlikely that she would be driving with Montague against her will; and yet... Courtenay had himself seen the announcement of their broken engagement in the London papers, and he knew that it was an entirely surly procedure for a woman to be driving about with a man whom she had but recently jilted.

He let the window down with a run and thrust his head out.

Sonia had left the car now and gone into the small inn outside which they had stopped. Montague stood alone on the path.

Courtenay stooped to his man to turn.

"Pull up at that inn—close to the yellow car." A moment later he was out on the road and walking swiftly towards Montague. A couple of yards from him he stopped with a well-feigned start of surprise.

"Great Scott! Who would have thought of meeting you here?"

A quick little frown crossed the elder man's face, but he controlled it instantly. He held out a hand with an assumption of friendliness.

"By Jove! What a meeting... You've not gone to the front yet?"

"No—I'm training hard though... Are you alone?"

"Yes—at least—" Montague hesitated. A coat of Sonia's lay on the front seat of the car. He was quick enough to guess that Courtenay had seen it. He laughed rather embarrassedly.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he added, confidentially, "I'm not alone, but you needn't mention it to anyone. I'm—I'm with my wife..."

"What?" "Yes—you're surprised I suppose! I can hardly realise it yet myself; it has all come about so suddenly. But the fact is, Sonia and I have made things up between us, and—well, we were married by special licence this morning."

Young Courtenay could think of nothing to say. The words carried the stamp of truth, and it was obviously impossible to doubt them. He muttered something about not having heard of such a thing, and so on. He made his escape as soon as he could. He climbed into his taxicab again and told the man to drive him back. He had never felt so small in his life, and it had been a horrible shock, too, to discover that Sonia had really married Montague after all.

In his own heart he had always believed that she really cared for Chatterton; he could not understand how she could prefer that "rotten ass Montague" to Dick! He could have sworn by Sonia...

He kept his promise to the taxi man and lugubriously handed over double fare.

The man looked at him interestedly as the coins rattled in his hand.

"Hope it was all right, sir," he ventured. Courtenay looked gloomy.

"Oh, yes—quite all right," he said; he walked away wondering what had possessed him to make such an ass of himself.

And yet Sonia's white, strained face still haunted him.

If she had indeed been married only that morning she had already repented it, he was sure of that; no happy bride ever looked as she looked. What the dickens had possessed her?

And then for the first time, a doubt entered his mind.

Wasn't Montague had lied? Supposing after all the whole story had been fabrication? The very thought turned him cold.

He stood still in the middle of Regent-street and stared before him with big eyes. He had never liked Montague; instinctively he was sure that the man was not straight—supposing it were all a pack of lies, and that look in Sonia's face had really meant fear and helplessness as he had at first believed!

Anyway it was too late now; the big yellow car would have carried them miles beyond his reach by this time.

He walked on agitatedly. Of course, nowadays nobody ever cloped with a girl against her wish; she had only to appeal to the first person she met, and she would be safe enough; but he was worried, so worried that he made tracks for the hotel where Lady Merriam was staying.

She was out, and he did not like to ask anyone else about Sonia.

He wandered away again feeling very depressed.

He was sure that somewhere he had blundered; if only he had stopped and insisted on speaking to Sonia!

It was nearly four o'clock then, and he was due back at headquarters. He felt horribly worried and preoccupied; he did his drill so badly that twice the sergeant called him sharply to order. As soon as possible he rushed away again, this time to old Jardine's rooms.

The housekeeper there explained that Mr. Jardine was not in London.

"He went to France some days ago, sir—to see Mr. Chatterton, so I understood, and as far as I know he is still there; at least—" she hesitated. "There was a foreign-looking telegram came not half an hour ago," she added. "So may be he's on his way back."

The fates seemed dead against him; Courtenay wandered away, and wondered what on earth he could do now. He could not forget Sonia's white face; he had always been fond of her in the half-sentimental sort of way in which a lad cares for a girl older than himself...

To kill time he turned into a music-hall; a girl wrapped in the TricoLOUR was doing what was described on the programme as "a great patriotic turn." Five minutes of it bored Courtenay stiff; he was turning away when he came face to face with a man walking round the promenade.

## THE SPECIAL LICENCE.

FOR a moment the two men eyed one another doubtfully, then Courtenay spoke: "Good evening."

He could not remember the man's name, but he remembered having met him at the disastrous dinner-party Sonia had given the night when he himself had blurted out that Chatterton was wounded.

The other man said:—

"Oh—er—good evening... Let me see, didn't I meet you at a little dinner Sonia Markham gave some time back? Thought so—how?"

"So I believe... Yes—as a matter of fact, I met him this morning."

Courtenay paused; this was a chance, he thought; this fellow might know if that wedding story were true.

"Sonia treated him rottenly," the other went on; he was staring aimlessly at the stage.

"He never was a great pal of mine, but 'pon my word I'm sorry for the chap... dreadfully cut up! Swore he'd have her whatever happened."

Courtenay's heart began to race.

"Is it all off then?" he asked with apparent carelessness.

"All off!" the other echoed. "I should say it was! Shot her away a couple of days before the wedding, or something; regular scandal there's been."

"Ran away!"

"Yes—hasn't been heard of for nearly a week. Montague was like a madman! I saw him last night... talked about searching every house in London till he found her; all badly rot, of course—chap must be a bit unhinged, but... are you going?"

"Courtenay went off with a curt good-night. There was a sort of panic in his heart now. His one thought was to find either old Jardine or Lady Merriam and tell them what he knew."

Old Jardine had just come in when Courtenay reached his house. He was tired after his night journey, and not particularly good tempered. His greeting was rather offhand.

"Well, young man—this is a nice time of night to... what's the matter?"

Courtenay burst out excitedly:—

"Where's Sonia—what's happened to her—when did you see her last?"

Old Jardine stared.

"I really don't—" he began, but the boy cut him short.

"Oh, don't stand on your dignity, sir. If you knew how worried I've been all day. I called here this afternoon, but you weren't in—when did you last see Sonia?"

Old Jardine thought rapidly.

"A week ago," he said then. "She ran away two days before her wedding to that precious scamp, Montague."

"And you don't know where she is now?"

"No—I wish I did. Why—do you?"

"I saw her this morning—with Montague. They were in his car—the big yellow car... I didn't quite look the look of her—she didn't see me—so I followed them and spoke. At least I spoke to Montague, and he said—he said..."

"Yes, go on!"

"He said that they had been married this morning by special licence."

"What?"

Old Jardine roared like a wounded bull. "I don't believe it—it's—it's a confounded lie! That man always was a liar! Sonia would never marry him. Where are they now? What did you do? What did you say?"

"Do? Say? What could I do or say? How could I call him a liar to his face, even if I thought it?"

Old Jardine was pacing up and down.

"It's not true; it's a confounded piece of impertinent fabrication," he roared again. "I—"

(Continued on page 13.)

**"The Feminist"**  
a story of a drunkard, a woman and a snake—thrilling—in "Nash's Magazine" for May—out to-day—6d.

## CANCER.

### GREAT SUCCESS OF NEW POTASSIUM TREATMENT.

Nearly three years ago a well-known London surgeon and recognised authority on cancer created world-wide interest in the discovery that cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body, which causes the cells to "break down" and become malignant. The "Pall Mall Gazette," July 26, 1912, quoted—

"... he is able in the most emphatic way to define cancer as a deficiency of potassium 'salts' in the body, and to assert with proofs in support that if this deficiency is remedied cancer, no matter how far advanced it may be, will retrograde... A cancer that could not be touched by a surgeon I have seen (he said) in about six weeks disappear utterly and completely."

In order that every sufferer from cancer may learn all about the wonderful "potassium treatment,"

#### A REMARKABLE BOOK

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The following selection from the list of chapters will give some idea of the thoroughness with which this little work has been prepared:

**The Limitations of Surgery.**  
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**Why the Body Cells Break Down.**  
**Injurious Cooking Methods.**  
**Common Errors in Diet.**  
**Some Striking Statistics.**  
**Dr. Forbes Ross's Book on Cancer.**  
**The Chief Minerals of the Body.**  
**The Thymus Gland.**  
**The Age when Life begins to Accumulate.**  
**Potassium Causes Calcium Excretion.**  
**Important Points to Remember.**  
**Parts of Body most Liable to Cancer.**  
**Parts which are Self-affected.**  
**How a Doctor Can Help You.**  
**How to Avoid Cancer.**  
**Statements Made by Medical Men.**

With this book will be sent a number of interesting case-reports, proving the great value of the potassium treatment in various cases of cancer.

No sufferer should neglect to apply at once. The treatment is simple and inexpensive, and, moreover, possesses the great advantage that it can easily be followed in one's own home.

Applications should be made (a post-card will do) to the Secretary, The Natural C.C. Co., 150, Twickenham, Middlesex. (Advt.)

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taken whenever you are feeling not up to the mark, depressed, liverish and out of sorts, will quickly put you right. For any indigestion arising from sluggish liver or disordered digestion, they are the best medicine you can have. Two at bedtime.

Of Chemists throughout the World, 1/6 and 2/6. **JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.**

## WAR AND FASHION.

Do you realise how much money you can save by making your own and your children's clothes at home?

**"MADAME MAUDE'S PATTERNS."**

With diagram and instructions, make dresses—easy. To meet the economy necessities during war time, "Madame Maude" has issued an illustrated list of charming & correct Paris Models at 5d. and 2d. each, equal in fit and style to any of 10, or 15, patterns.

Between 183—Charming Sport & Boudoir, showing the very latest military collar, Italian sleeve with pretty new yoke effect, and revers which can be either turned back or buttoned up, giving the fashionable square neck, price 2d. In addition to the 2d. pattern there is a very big selection of pretty dress, including children's garments, underclothing, skirts, coats, etc., etc. Madame Maude is arranging to have the latest news from the fashion for exhibition of her illustrated list of the Correct Paris Models. But if you have any difficulty in obtaining them, write direct to the Publisher, Madame Maude's Fashions, 8 & 11, Stonecutter Street, E.C.3, enclosing 1d. stamp for illustrated list, or send the price of the pattern you desire, for postage.

**Caution.**—Be sure your newspaper gives you Madame Maude's Correct Paris Models, and refuse inferior imitations.



AGENTS WANTED.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Miss Phyllis Legh.

## A Royal Birthday.

Many happy returns of to-morrow to Princess Mary, who reaches the age of eighteen years. Had things been different there would have been all sorts of rejoicings and celebrations next week to welcome our only Princess's arrival at years of "grown-up-dom," but the war will put a stop to all that. It is doubtful even if the Princess will make her formal debut in society until more settled times come again.

## Princess Mary's Friends.

But there will be a private birthday party, I am told, at which certainly those four or five girlhood friends of the Princess will attend. This little circle includes Miss Phyllis Legh, Lord and Lady Newton's youngest daughter; Miss Myrtle Farquharson and her sister Sylvia; Miss Enid Dudley Ward, Captain Godfrey Faussett's sister-in-law; and Miss Victoria Bruce, Lord Balfour of Burleigh's daughter.

## "Tea and Tennis."

All these girls used to attend the private dancing classes with Princess Mary at Buckingham Palace, and sometimes the private classes in history and literature that were held there. Princess Mary's lawn tennis parties, too, were great functions among her friends. "Tea and tennis" with the Princess at Buckingham Palace was an honour reserved for her most intimate friends.

## The Daring Detective.

"Never-Sleep-Kayton" is the chief character in the new detective drama, "The Argyle Case," at the Strand Theatre. "Never-Sleep-Kayton" is played by Mr. Fred Terry. He is a very handsome detective, and, as a rival remarks, "he has all the luck." If it had not been for luck I have a shrewd suspicion that the wonderful Mr. Kayton would never have discovered the dastardly murderer of the late Mr. Argyle.

## An Awful Suspicion.

At one time the dramatist seemed to hope that the audience would believe that Miss Julia Neilson had done the dreadful deed. But we know that Miss Neilson does not do these sort of things on or off the stage, so our faith in her remained unshaken. "The Argyle Case" is really quite a piece of American detective fiction, and should draw audiences from its own public for a long time to come.

## More to Follow.

We have had a busy week of "first nights" at the theatres, but the production of such a play as "Quinneys" at the Haymarket compensates for much wasted time. There are more to come.

## Next Week's Productions.

This evening "Betty"—the often postponed—appears at Daly's. Someone is sure to say "Betty late than never." On Wednesday "To-Night's the Night" opens the long-closed Gaiety, with Miss Julia James in the star part, and on Thursday still another American play will be seen at the Lyric in "On Trial." I hear this is intensely dramatic and somewhat in "The Bells" manner.

## "On Trial."

I had a look the other day at a rehearsal of "On Trial," and I spent a very entertaining half-hour listening to things I may not repeat yet. A great deal of secrecy has been observed in respect of quick scenic changes, but it is open to say that the big scene is a trial for murder extending over three days in a New York criminal court.

## A Free-and-Easy Court.

And it was this scene that I saw. When you see it you are bound to have a slight shock, for the Judge is wigless, and so are the counsel, and there is a curious absence of legal formality. After a bit, the novelty of the methods fascinated me, as I think it will other people. It is at least a novelty for the stage.

## Logic.

A correspondent writes: "My little two-year-old Evelyn was crying, and when I wanted to dry her tears she said: 'Oh, no, don't dry them; I'm going to cry some more.'" Logic, anyhow.

## A Fix.

Book knowledge is frequently a dangerous thing in military matters. A young subaltern, who had memorised the formulas for inspecting a company, was in charge for church parade. "Company—shun!" he yelled. "Fix bayonets!" "Beg pardon, sir," whispered the sergeant-major, "this is church parade, and the men have neither rifles nor bayonets." "Oh—er—quite so," answered the youngster. "Company—as you were! Unfix bayonets!"

## Fair, but Cruel.

Vienna is a very fair and pleasant city, and the manners of the Viennese are most charming, but what they make up in looks they lack in charity. I have just been reading an account in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the hard lot of the 250,000 refugees from Galicia who have made Vienna their home. But home is, too good a word to express the bad treatment they are receiving, for nobody wants them, and they are left to roam about looking for food and lodging.

## Too Many Lawyers.

Even the refugees who want to work have every obstacle placed in their way. For instance, among the Galicians there are more than 1,000 lawyers, and in the hope of getting clients they applied to the Vienna Law Council for permission to practise in the city. The reply was brief and very much to the point. It was to the effect that there were too many lawyers already in Vienna.

## "Lord High Admiral of the Barges."

"Lord High Admiral of the Barges" is what they call Miss Maxine Elliott in Belgium, according to the New York papers. Miss Elliott, you remember, is in charge of the



Miss Maxine Elliott.

American relief barges on the canals of what is left of that unfortunate little country violated by the Hun. Miss Elliott, it seems, "runs" the country on her mission of mercy.

## Called It an Armoured Tug.

They tell scores of stories "out there" of this very autocratic "admiral." At Dunkirk, so the story goes, an amazed British flag officer, who didn't know the barge's mission, was heard to explain in almost speechless amazement to the British Consul: "Yes, sir! She called my flagship an armoured tug, and asked me to tow a wretched barge up the canal!"

## "Admiral Maxine."

What happened apparently was this. That morning the admiral in command of the flotilla of gunboats was lying in harbour near the mouth of a canal, when an unknown barge drifted alongside and a very self-possessed lady on deck calmly hailed him and demanded a tow up to Adinkerke. But that was in the early days of the relief barges: everyone knows Admiral Maxine now.

## Flamingo Ballets.

I had a private view of the pictures of Paul Rainey's African hunt, which are "to be presented" to the public from Monday next at the Philharmonic Hall. The flight of the flamingoes, I think, is the most attractive. It reminded me of some wonderful ballet, but nothing ever designed by man has equalled it.

## No. 7 To-morrow.

Have you ordered your *Sunday Pictorial* yet? There is going to be a bigger rush than ever for it to-morrow. That wonderful picture from the Dardanelles will be preserved by thousands of people as a record of the great war. And don't forget to send a copy to a friend "out there." They like it in the trenches.

## Mer Lot.

Overheard yesterday in Regent-street.—Mother (to little girl who keeps looking back as she walks): "Don't do that, dear. It's very rude to turn round and stare at people. Don't you remember what happened once to a lady who looked back?" Little Girl: "Yes—I remember. She was turned into a pillow case!"

## Which is it?

The engagement of Mr. Maurice Arbuthnot, 16th Lancers, and Miss Madeline Bosanquet, daughter of the Common Serjeant, reminds me that the Huguenot name of Bosanquet has been the subject of numerous controversies as to the correct method of pronouncing. One clever versifier put the matter thus:—

Take a B, two O's and K,  
Sealed—you have Bosanquet.

## Another suggested:—

Lively only at a banquet  
Is the barrister Bosanquet,

while a third's idea was:—

You will get no hanky-panky  
From the barrister Bosanquet,

this latter being, I believe, Sir Frank Lockwood's version.

## Tommy the "Vet."

My Paris Gossip writes me of an amusing little incident that occurred the other day. A horse was rearing on its legs in the Chaussee d'Antin, and a fat policeman was dancing round it, causing it to become every moment more excited. About 300 people were giving advice, but no one was doing anything. Suddenly a British "Tommy" came through the crowd, threw a horse-cloth over the capering animal's head and began to talk to it.

## More Difficult to Explain.

The effect was magical. The horse at once quietened down, while the throng of Parisians looked on in amazement. "He must be a 'vet.," said one incredulous lady. But she was wrong. He had simply been used to horses, and knew how to deal with them. His real trouble began when, not knowing a word of French, he tried to explain to those round him how it was done.

## Lord Clonbrock.

One does not hear very much of Lord and Lady Clonbrock in these days, but an Irish friend tells me they have been doing a lot of "war work" in Ireland. Lord Clonbrock, as Lieutenant of Galway, has been collecting in the county for the Prince of Wales's Fund, while Lady Clonbrock has collected comforts for soldiers.

Lord Clonbrock.

## Retired in the Sixties.

Lord and Lady Clonbrock are not very well known in London society, residing mostly at Clonbrock, in Galway, where is the family estate of many thousand acres. In his younger days—he was eighty-one last month—this Irish peer served in the Diplomatic Service, from which he retired in the early sixties. Soon after the Crimean War he went to Berlin as Attaché, and subsequently to Vienna as Second Secretary.

## House of (Short) Commons.

I commented the other day on "Tommy's" habit of naming his hutment. A correspondent now tells me that one of the store huts where rations are kept at Seaford was labelled by the regimental cooks "The House of Commons." But one dark night a hungry and disgruntled private interpolated two little words. And the legend now runs, "The House of Uncommon Short Commons."

## Museum of Fashions.

The German Government, I hear, is doing everything it knows to make its women take up German fashions—although so far without any great success. The latest idea of the "Popularity Bureau" is to start a permanent museum of German fashions, a beginning having been made in the Hohenzollern Museum. As a fair neutral said, "a museum is the right place for those fashions."

THE RAMBLER.

## FOR DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR OR IRRITATING SCALP—1/1½ DANDERINE

Girls! Girls! Save Your Hair! Make it Grow Luxuriant and Beautiful.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life, has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and it never overcome it produces a feverishness and

itching of the scalp, the hair roots famish, loosen and die, then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 1/1½ bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any chemist; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made. We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling out—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?



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## THE ONLY CLUE.

Long Sentences for Expert Thieves  
Who Robbed Jeweller.

### BROKE PRISON IN NEW YORK

Two of the most expert and dangerous thieves in the world appeared at the Old Bailey yesterday when Charles Williams, sixty-four, and Annie Ferguson, forty, were charged with robbing with violence Wladyslaw Gutowski, and stealing from him rings and money, etc., to the value of about £1,600, and also with causing him grievous bodily harm.

Prisoners pleaded guilty to robbery with violence, and were sentenced, the man to twelve years' penal servitude and the woman to ten. They were traced by a chemist which they left in their flat, and this was the only clue.

Prisoners, it was stated, went to Mr. Gutowski's premises in Adelphi and asked to see some rings, and one was bought for £27.

Williams paid the money, and Mr. Gutowski was asked to come to the prisoners' flat at Savoy Mansions, bringing with him a selection of rings. Mr. Gutowski did so, taking with him thirty-three diamond rings, and was shown into the drawing-room. He then handed over the ring which had been selected, and being told no more business was to be done turned to go.

He then received a blow behind the ear, and his feet were knocked beneath him. A very "smelly" towel was put over his head, his artificial teeth were taken from his mouth, a gag was inserted, and his hands and feet were tied.

Not only the rings, but a diamond pin, diamond stud and his purse were taken from him, the value being £1,650. Since then Mr. Gutowski had been deaf.

Williams, it was stated, had served sentences in the United States, in France and in England for various crimes.

He escaped once from prison in New York on Thanksgiving Day, when it is usual to allow the prisoners to receive friends.

### FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN.

Delicious "California Syrup of Figs" Can't Harm Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Every mother realises, after giving her children their ideal Laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels, without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or when the breath is bad and the stomach disordered, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "Fruit Laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. When its little system is stuffy with a cold, when it has sore throat, stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a child from being ill to-morrow. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, is. 1jd. and is 9d. (Adv.)

**Will the Kaiser  
be assassinated?**  
read the great article  
by Prof. Ferrero, Italy's  
famous historian in  
"Nash's Magazine"  
out to-day.

**PARKINSON  
GAS**

Turn on the cold  
water, light the gas, &  
hot water flows imme-  
diately. No waiting.

A Hot Bath only  
costs 3d. for gas.

Call or write Dept. "B,"  
129, HIGH HOLBORN,  
LONDON, W.C.

**WATER HEATERS**

## ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN THE PLAYGROUNDS.



St. George slays the dragon and rescues the princess—at the Hugh Myddelton School, Clerkenwell. The "beast" is seen "lying dead" on the mat.

### RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

I . . . and do you mean to say that Sonia stood by and allowed him to say that?"

"She wasn't there—he was alone when I spoke to him. But can't we find out—can't we find out if they really were married?"

Old Jardine was not listening; he had dropped into a chair and was mopping his face agitatedly. "And this is what I've got to tell Chatterton! Poor lad—poor lad—it'll break his heart—it'll finish him off more surely than all the German guns. . . . I promised to tell him what had happened and not more than a couple of hours ago he wired me not to forget."

He rounded fiercely on Courtenay. "Why the dickens didn't you insist on seeing Sonia? Why the dickens didn't you find out? Have said that. There! there! I'm sorry—I shouldn't have said that." He held out his big hand apologetically.

He looked somehow old and haggard in that moment; he was thinking of that hospital ward in France, of the rows of narrow beds and Chatterton's thin, eager face as he had last seen it, and he told himself that he would rather die than go back there and tell Richard this—tell him that he had nothing left to hope for after all, nothing to drag him back with giant strides of determination to health and strength. . . .

Courtenay had a flash of inspiration. "We could find out at Doctors' Commons, sir; Montague would be sure to go there if he wanted a special licence; I'll go down first thing in the morning; I suppose they'll tell me."

Old Jardine's face flashed back into its old determination and obstinacy. "Suppose! Suppose!" he echoed testily. "Confound it all, we'll make 'em!"

But he looked paler and less confident the following morning when young Courtenay joined him and they went together into the big building which indirectly brings about so much tragedy and romance.

The clerk who attended seemed doubtful as to whether he could supply the information desired; he went away to consult with his superiors; after a moment he returned.

"You were asking for someone named Montague. . . . a gentleman named Francis Montague came here on Monday morning last and took out a special licence. . . ."

There will be an interesting instalment on Monday.

### "HOLY TERROR" SHOW DOG.

Neuve Chapelle and Beatty Biplane were the names of two proud little dogs competing at the Toy Dog Show, which opened yesterday at the Royal Horticultural Hall.

Neuve Chapelle is a pretty toy spaniel, the property of Mrs. M. J. Huddell. Beatty Biplane is a seven-months-old Pomeranian. Among other quaint names of dogs were Holy Terror of Laleham and Copper King of Alexandria.

Despite the war, there were more entries than ever for the show. Pekingese were easily the most popular dogs in the hall, there being no fewer than 350 entries. There were also large entries of pugs, griffons, Japanese, Italian greyhounds, chows, Yorkshires and other varieties.

Among the well-known people who were exhibiting dogs at the show were the Princess Toussoun, Lady Gertrude Decies, Lady Florence Lacon and the Viscountess Valtort.

### STEALING FRENCH ARMY'S FOOD.

PARIS, April 23.—The *Matin's* Cherbourg correspondent writes:—

"In consequence of the disappearance from the slaughter-house of considerable quantities of meat destined for the troops, the Maritime Prefect ordered an inquiry which has just ended in the arrest of fifteen officers, non-commissioned officers and men, all belonging to the detachment detailed for duty in the slaughter-house."

"It appears that they supplied butchers' shops in Brittany with the stolen goods, the value of which reached a very high figure."

Our Fighting Men know what is good—that is why they use CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN. Rubbed upon the feet, as well as upon the boots, it prevents footrot, and is used by the makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOTS. POLISH.—(Adv.)

### FLY-CATCHER COMEDY.

Strange Story of New Invention and a "Woman in the Car."

A strange story of a patent fly-catcher, opened letters and a woman in a motor-car was told yesterday in the King's Bench, when Septimus Marsland, of Uckfield, Sussex, was awarded £42 damages for alleged breach of contract for work done against Dr. Louis Robinson, of Streatham Hill.

Plaintiff, a practical engineer, was advised in 1911 to live in the country, and he bought a farm at Uckfield.

He alleged that defendant induced him to come to London to assist in the manufacture of a patent fly-catching apparatus which he had invented.

Plaintiff said he sold his farm and came to London on the undertaking that he was to be manager of the company to produce the patent at a remuneration of £300 a year. Until the fly-catcher was ready for manufacture and the company was formed he was to receive a weekly salary ranging from £1 to £1 10s, with house rent free, and coal, gas and medical attendance.

Plaintiff now alleged that the fly-catcher was never pushed forward for manufacture, and that he was asked by defendant to help with his dispensing and assist in the clerical work.

Plaintiff was dissatisfied with his position, and told the defendant that the patent might have been on the market by that time if he had attended to it more instead of going about in the car with a certain lady.

Defendant, he said, subsequently dismissed him. Defendant denied that he engaged the plaintiff as he alleged, and said he only engaged him to assist him in his clerical work at a salary of

**DON'T MISS  
TO-MORROW'S  
SUNDAY PICTORIAL**  
The Best Sunday  
Picture Newspaper

30s. a week. He further said he was justified in dismissing plaintiff on the ground that he attempted to blackmail him.

Mr. Marsland said he had seen letters addressed to the doctor from a lady, whose handwriting he knew, marked "private and confidential."

In reply to the Judge, witness admitted that he read a letter through, and he presumed the doctor got rid of him through an alleged threat to blackmail.

"Was there any foundation for this?"

"Absolutely none."

"Were you surprised before you saw this letter?"

"I thought something was going on."

"I can't say it was wrong. I thought the doctor was not conducting himself properly when he saw me with a boarding-house, lodging-house or apartments to keep a register of all aliens over the age of fourteen years staying in his house, and to obtain from every person staying in his house a signed statement showing his nationality and, in the case of an alien, showing also the particulars required for entry in the register."

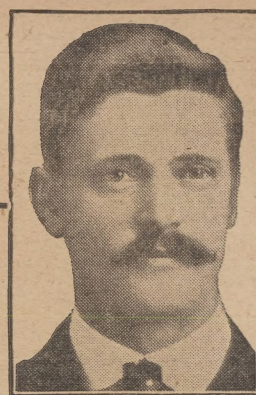
It will be the duty of every person, whether an alien or a British subject, who stays in any hotel, inn, boarding-house, lodging-house or apartments to furnish to the keeper or manager of the house a signed statement containing the information required.

### WHAT THE LANDLADY WILL ASK.

The Home Office issued the following announcement last night:—

Under the Aliens Restriction (Amendment) Order of April 13, 1915, it will, after the 25th instant, be the duty of every keeper or manager of any hotel, inn, boarding-house, lodging-house or apartments to keep a register of all aliens over the age of fourteen years staying in his house, and to obtain from every person staying in his house a signed statement showing his nationality and, in the case of an alien, showing also the particulars required for entry in the register.

It will be the duty of every person, whether an alien or a British subject, who stays in any hotel, inn, boarding-house, lodging-house or apartments to furnish to the keeper or manager of the house a signed statement containing the information required.



Our Portrait is of Mr. Frank Inge, of 209, King's Cross Road, London, W.C., who writes:—

"I am sending you a testimonial of a wonderful cure 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' has effected in me. I had a very bad running

## Abscess in the Jaw Bone

for some years; it was gradually eating the bone away—it would get better and then break out again. I was continually poulticing the abscess, but still it would not heal. One day someone advised me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and after taking two bottles I could see a great difference, so I continued with it, and after taking the third bottle it had disappeared. The abscess was such a torture to me, and it was a godsend that I heard of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' for if I had not taken it at the time I might have been faced with a diseased jaw bone. I was quite run down, weak and very thin, but as soon as the abscess had healed, I began to fill out again."

## Do You Suffer

from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

## CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

By reason of its Remarkable  
Blood Purifying Properties  
is universally recognised as

### THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/9 per bottle (six times the quantity 11/-). REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.



# WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

## Austrian Spy as Priest.

Disguised as a priest, an Austrian spy has been arrested at Urbino, says an Exchange message, while making sketches.

## Rodin to Make Bust of the Pope.

M. Rodin, the famous French sculptor, was reported yesterday, says Reuter, to have been commissioned to make a bust of the Pope.

## Rome's Foundation Day.

The anniversary of the foundation of Rome was celebrated on Thursday, says Reuter, in the Stadium, the King, Queen and Crown Prince of Italy being present.

## Five Guineas for Nieuve Chapelle Victims.

Victims of the battle of Nieuve Chapelle were rewarded yesterday by officers of the 5th Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment were sold yesterday for five guineas on Liverpool Cotton Exchange.

## Brought to Earth by a Hoosepipe.

Patrick McGuire pleaded guilty, at Liverpool yesterday, to desertion from the Army. He was found walking on the railway station roof and had to be brought down by a hosepipe which was turned on him.

## UNIQUE RACING FINISH.

Three Horses Dead Heat at Sandown Park—Well-known Jockeys Hurt.

A dead-heat between three horses in the Walton Plate was the outstanding feature of some exciting racing at Sandown Park. Portia, Somali and Kitty O'Hara joined in a desperate set to from the distance, and passing the post the judge was unable to separate them.

There have been several previous cases of a dead-heat between three horses. In 1857 Priores, El Hakim and Queen Bess finished level in the Cesarewitch, and in 1880 a similar decision was given at Lewes. In the latter case the judge also gave a dead-heat between two horses for fourth place.

There was a nasty accident in the Tudor Plate. The Reverend and Vauluse collided with the rails coming round the bend, and both W. Huxley and Rickaby were hurt, the former having to be brought back on the ambulance. The upset was a narrow win for Rosendale, who beat Elkington by a head. The King's colours were carried by Marie L'Estrange in the Stud Produce Stakes, but she was never dangerous, and Jack Annandale got the better of a fine finish against Russel by a short head. The well-backed Marcus was left at the post. The Con-Con beat the penalised Clay Gate in the Prince Albert Handicap, and Niatwah again showed his liking for the course by taking the Clay-gate Plate.

There was some interesting sport at Stockton, and it may be better to day. The Sandown meeting, as usual, winds up with a day's chasing.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

### STOCKTON.

- 1.45.—Carlton Handicap.—FOOLERY.
- 2.15.—Bishopston Plate.—PARATON.
- 2.45.—North Yorks Handicap.—DENISON.
- 3.15.—Wolviston Works Stakes.—NICE.
- 3.45.—Fairfield Plate.—RENNICK'S SELECTED.
- 4.15.—Cranthorpe Plate.—ANTIPATER.

### SANDOWN PARK.

- 2.0.—Pavilion Stakes.—SALVATION.
- 2.30.—Sandown Hurdle.—GONDORAR.
- 4.30.—Kingston Hurdle.—PERENNIAL.

### Double Event for To-day.

- \*SANICOLE and ANTIPATER.
- BOUVERIE.

Tottenham Argyle and Midway Radical meet in the final of the Tottenham Charity Cup on the Spurs ground to-day. Kick-off, 3.30.

The final for the Football Association Challenge Cup will be played to-day at Manchester United ground between Chelsea and Sheffield United.

There should be a packed house at the Ring to-night when Dan Roberts, the Welsh water-weight champion, and William Holberg (Denmark) meet in a twenty rounds contest.

## Week at Home for Tommy?

A week at home before returning to the front, will be asked for by Mr. King in Parliament, for invalid soldiers who have been passed as fit for duty.

## No Policemen to Retire.

The Home Secretary's Bill, published yesterday, provides that no constable during the war shall be entitled without a medical certificate to retire and receive a life pension without the consent of his chief officer.

## More Pay for Atlantic Seamen.

Sailors and firemen who refused to sign on three Atlantic liners unless they were granted £7 10s. a month had their demands granted yesterday on the understanding that in future a month's notice of any demands for higher pay should be given.

## Premier's Invitation to Miners.

The Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation, which has been sitting at Westminster Palace Hotel, yesterday received an invitation from Mr. Asquith to proceed to Downing-street, and it is expected that satisfactory results will be the outcome of the meeting.

## DEATH FROM A THUMB CUT

The death of a cook named Letitia King, who died from blood poisoning after cutting her thumb with a knife while washing up, was investigated at Westminster yesterday, when a verdict of accidental death was returned.

The accident, according to the woman's account, occurred on the 11th inst., and on the following day the wound became so painful that she obtained permission from her employer to absent herself from work. After seeing a doctor she was admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital on Friday, the 16th inst., where she died the following evening.

## YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

### SANDOWN.

- 2.0.—WALTON T.V.O. PLATE. 5f.—KITTY O'HARA (evens, Clark), PORTIA COIT (8-1, Gardner), and SOMALI (5-1, Donoghue), dead heat. 6-1. Also ran: Jaquette (5-1), Signpost, Silkenos, Mukden, Honest Richard, Winnower, Santocola, Kriwits and Lough Carr (100-7).

- 2.30.—CLAYGATE PLATE. 1m. 60yds.—NIATWAH (11-8, J. Clark), Calne (8-1), 2. Galangy (8-1), 3. Also ran: Queen Blue (5-1), Rumba Boy (6-1), Killane, Bandit (8-1), Clifton Hill (100-8), Ouragan, Sortilege, Sour Plum, Spouter, Volo and Fairman (100-6).

- 2.50.—SANDOWN PARK PRODUCE STAKES. 6f.—JACK ANNANDALE (7-1, Donoghue), 11. Rosel (6-2), 12. Also ran: Blue (5-1), Rosel (6-2), 13. Marcus (9-2), Baynalla (7-1), Marie L'Estrange (8-1), Ulex, Salamandra, Jaxon and Guiled (100-8).

- 3.0.—TUDOR PLATE. 1m. 60y.—ROSSENDALE (5-2, H. Jones), 1. Elkington (8-1), 2. Summer Tyne (100-7), 3. Also ran: Vauluse (1-2), The Revenge (7-1), Zulider Zee (10-1), Clever Dick St. Eloi, Irish Earl, Carbon and Celia (100-7).

- 4.0.—PRINCE ALBERT H.C.A.P. 5f.—COU COU (5-1, Cooper), 1. Clay Gate (2-1), 2. Luna (6-1), 3. Also ran: Scotch Duke (7-1), Biter Hit (8-1), Mount William, Iron Duke and Dominique (10-1).

- 4.30.—GUILDFORD H.C.A.P. 11m.—MARTIAN (6-1, Gillett), 1. Hey-diddle-diddle (7-1), 2. Lovewood (8-1), 3. Also ran: Chantemelle (10-2), Pringle Point (5-1), Coral (10-1), Philipe, Dally Girl, Amami, Knight of Peace, Gotham and Ranelagh (100-6).

### STOCKTON.

- 2.0.—Hartburn H.C.A.P. 5f.—Pericardium (5-1, T. Burn), 1. Dan Rodney (6-1), 2. Black Treason (6-1), 3. Eleven ran.

- 2.30.—South Durham T.V.O. Plate. 5f.—Snow Fairy (2-1, Caiden), 1. Mona c (5-1), 2. Fluency (100-8), 3. 15 ran.

- 3.0.—Spring H.C.A.P. 11m.—Corcoran (3-1, Waidby), 1. Stoncrom (100-9), 2. Mordbough (11-10), 3. 7 ran.

- 3.30.—Eaglesfield T.V.O. Plate. 5f.—Searchlight (8-1, Twissell), 1. Sweet Alice (2-1), 2. Monticola (4-2), 3. Eight ran.

- 4.0.—Newport H.C.A.P. 6f.—Eye I (100-9, Campion), 1. Marcus Aurelius (2-1), 2. King's Head (6-1), 3. 8 ran.

- 4.25.—Rosebery Plate. 1m.—Provider (3-4, Anderson), 1. Oscillator (10-1), 2. White Slipper (5-1), 3. Eight ran.

A billiards match was arranged yesterday between Innan and Newman for £20 a side. Newman is to receive a start of 2,000 in 15,000 up.

# "NERVE-RECONSTRUCTION"

Particulars of a Wonderful Product for the Nervous and the Weak, Which is Now Being Prescribed by 10,000 Doctors Throughout Europe.

## 10,000 PACKAGES FREE TO SUFFERERS.

"Nerve-Reconstruction" is the medical sensation of the day.

Over 4,000 people have testified that they have been cured of "nerves" by this method. Thousands more are meeting under this new treatment.

"Weak Nerves" have been made strong. Diminished vitality has been reinforced. Failing energy has been re-established. In a word, they have completely regained their health, to no longer exhibit the slightest trace of the (often serious) nervous weakness.

This 4,000-fold health change for the better has been brought about by a marvellous new method of Nerve-Reconstruction. Everyone may now benefit from this method free of charge.

What is "Nerve-Reconstruction"? It is a system of rebuilding weak or disordered nerves by a scientific method.

Your nerves (including your brain) are responsible for every action of your body. Scientific research proves that these nerves are composed of millions of minute nerve-cells. These nerve-cells, though infinitely small, are extremely voracious. They are little workers with big appetites. Their numbers are as the sands of the seashore.

Unless these nerve-cells feed they cannot work. All the nervous ailments men and women suffer from to-day are due to insufficiently nourished nerves.

As these nerve-cells cannot move about, their food must be brought to them.

They like a hot and a cold, and a dry and a wet, and a strange inhabitant of the ocean depths which, fixed to a rocky recess, feed greedily upon the minute forms of life that float past them in the water.

The task of feeding this army of hungry nerve-cells is performed by the blood.

To feed these nerve-cells the blood extracts from the food you eat a certain essential nerve-nutrient. This nerve-nutrient is extracted in infinitesimal quantities from ordinary food, and reaches the nerve-cells in the form of an Organic Phosphoric Substance. It is this element

which is "going"—when they get enough of it. When they don't get enough of it they become weak and disordered.

Here are some of the ailments caused by this starved condition of the nerve-cells and restorable by the new method of Nerve-Reconstruction. Read down this list. See if the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included. You can learn how to get rid of any of these troubles and regain your health by accepting the proffered seven days' free trial of this great "Nerve-Reconstructing" Method. Here are a few ailments due to Nerve-Cell Starvation:—

- Sleeplessness.
- General Debility.
- Pains in Back.
- Inability to Concentrate your Mind.
- Bad Memory.
- Headache and Neuralgia.
- Brain Fog.
- Irritability.
- Loss of Energy.
- Dizziness.
- Depression and Melancholia.
- Lack of "fire" and Vigour.
- Excessive Shyness and Timidity.
- Hysteria.
- Anæmia.
- Involuntary Consumption.
- Failing Vision.

All these are cured by the "Nerve-Reconstruction" method discovered by the great scientist, Dr. Muller.

## DR. MULLER'S WONDERFUL FOOD.

Dr. Muller has discovered an exact counterpart of the natural nerve-nutrient supplied to healthy nerves.

Dr. Muller has rendered this Nerve-Food easily assimilable by the blood and nerves. You take this Nutrient through your digestive organs. It is assimilated and taken by the latter into the semi-starved nerve-cells. These seize upon it as a half-starved man seizes upon

During the continuation of the War any purchaser of a 29, 5/6 or larger package can have a similar size package sent to any friend in the Expeditionary Force at the Front free of charge. Simply return chemist's voucher with six stamps to cover cost of foreign postage.

IMPORTANT "WAR" NOTICE!—The Muller Laboratories are, and have always been, under entirely British Control and Ownership, and Dr. Muller's Nutrient is guaranteed not to be a German product.

food. It gives them renewed strength, health, and vitality. Dr. Muller's Nerve-Food (which you can now try free of cost) nourishes the nerve-cells, reconstructs them, restores them to their normal activity, and thus restores to your nervous system recovery from its exhaustion, and the nervous ailment or derangement from which you have been suffering is permanently healed.

Dr. Muller's Nutrient—  
1. Enriches your blood.  
2. Strengthens and increases the all-important corpuscles of the blood which defend your body against germs, and  
3. Rejuvenates and makes better your whole system.

Little wonder, then, that after taking Dr. Muller's Nutrient for a few days (as you can now for a week free of charge) you feel absolutely different, better, brighter, stronger, healthier and more energetic, and more "vital" in every way.

As stated above, over 4,000 people have already strengthened their nerves with this wonderful discovery.

## MARVELLOUS CURATIVE EFFECT.

One striking instance of its marvellous curative effect is the case of Miss A. Rusbridge, of 49, Clifford-street, Southampton.

This lady had suffered from nervous breakdown. For seven years she had been unable even to walk. Remedy after remedy failed. At a short course of Dr. Muller's Nutrient cured her weak nerves and muscles rapidly and completely.

"I am like the dead brought to life," writes Miss Rusbridge, "and can hardly give expression to the gratitude I feel for my health restored once again. Thousands say the same. They have been rescued from the depths of Nervous Breakdown, Loss of Energy, Melancholia, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, by this wonderful new method of 'Nerve-Reconstruction'."

Thousands say the same. They have been rescued from the depths of Nervous Breakdown, Loss of Energy, Melancholia, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, by this wonderful new method of "Nerve-Reconstruction."

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of Dr. Muller's Nerve Nutrient for free distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. Its usual price is 2s. 6d. Yet by writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply free.

You are asked to enclose 2 stamps only to defray the cost of packing and postage. That is all it costs you. In return the box of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient will be sent to you as a free gift. It will enable you to rebuild your nerves, enrich your blood, relieve your nervous trouble, and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force, and power.

With this week's free course of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient will be sent full instructions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one free outfit can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with two penny stamps for postage, etc., to 383, The Muller Laboratories, 92, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., and the booklet and a sample packet of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 92 Great Russell-street, London, W.C., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give expert advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches, Harrods', Whiteley's, John Barker's, the Army and Navy Stores, and from all high-class Chemists.

During the continuation of the War any purchaser of a 29, 5/6 or larger package can have a similar size package sent to any friend in the Expeditionary Force at the Front free of charge. Simply return chemist's voucher with six stamps to cover cost of foreign postage.

IMPORTANT "WAR" NOTICE!—The Muller Laboratories are, and have always been, under entirely British Control and Ownership, and Dr. Muller's Nutrient is guaranteed not to be a German product.



LIKE the works of popular authors, MANSION POLLY, the busy bee, is to be found in every home. But her popularity depends not upon her abilities with the pen, but her capacity for bringing brightness and cheer into the home with her new and superior preparation, MANSION POLISH. With a little Mansion Polish and a few light rubs she produces a rich, brilliant gloss to Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors. Mansion Polish preserves, renovates and will not finger-mark.

Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. and 1s., of all Dealers.  
Manufactured by Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.



Removed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Smear them with the Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. Repeat on rising and retiring. The ointment is super-creamy emollient to much for the skin.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST  
With 3d. book, Address F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Bq., London, E.C. Eng. Sold throughout the world.



A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS.  
6d. PER OUNCE. 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.  
THOMSON & PORTEUS, EDINBURGH.  
Manufacturers of the above and also  
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.  
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.







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Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until further notice to—

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### ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN LONDON: BISHOP'S PATRIOTIC ADDRESS.



Lord Lansdowne leaving St. Paul's Cathedral after the service for the Knights and Commanders of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

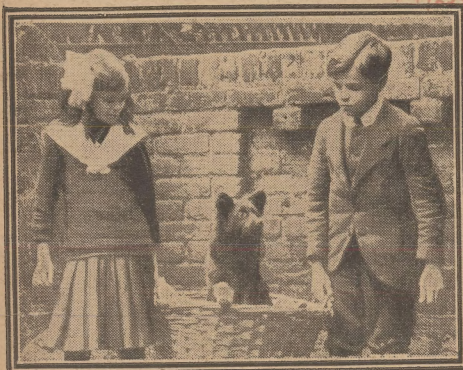


The Bishop of Birmingham delivering a patriotic speech on Tower Hill yesterday afternoon. It is interesting to note that the dragon slayer is also venerated in Russia, Serbia and France, three of our Allies.



Admiral Fremantle leaving the cathedral. Special prayers were said for members of the Order who are serving with the forces.

#### PUPPY AN OUT-PATIENT.



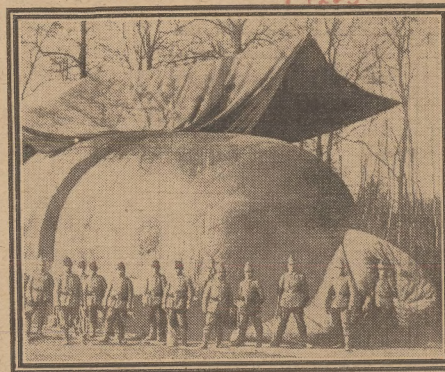
Winifred Thane with her puppy, Babs, which she took to the West London Hospital. It is now a regular out-patient and doing well.

#### HE CAN HEAR ALL RIGHT.



New kind of telephone which does away with the necessity of keeping the receiver pressed against the ear.

#### AUSTRIAN GASBAG WRECKED.



Austrian soldiers guarding one of the wrecked airships. These gasbags have not been any more successful than the much-vaunted Zeppelins.

#### BACK TO THEIR OLD HOME: GAIETY GIRLS ARRIVE FOR REHEARSAL.



Group of girls arrive at the Gaiety for a rehearsal of "To-night's the Night," the new piece which is to be produced there shortly. They all look very happy because they are back at their old home. The theatre has been shut for some time. (Daily Mirror photograph.)